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— p. 57

Necrophilia: The Case for Unspeakable Acts

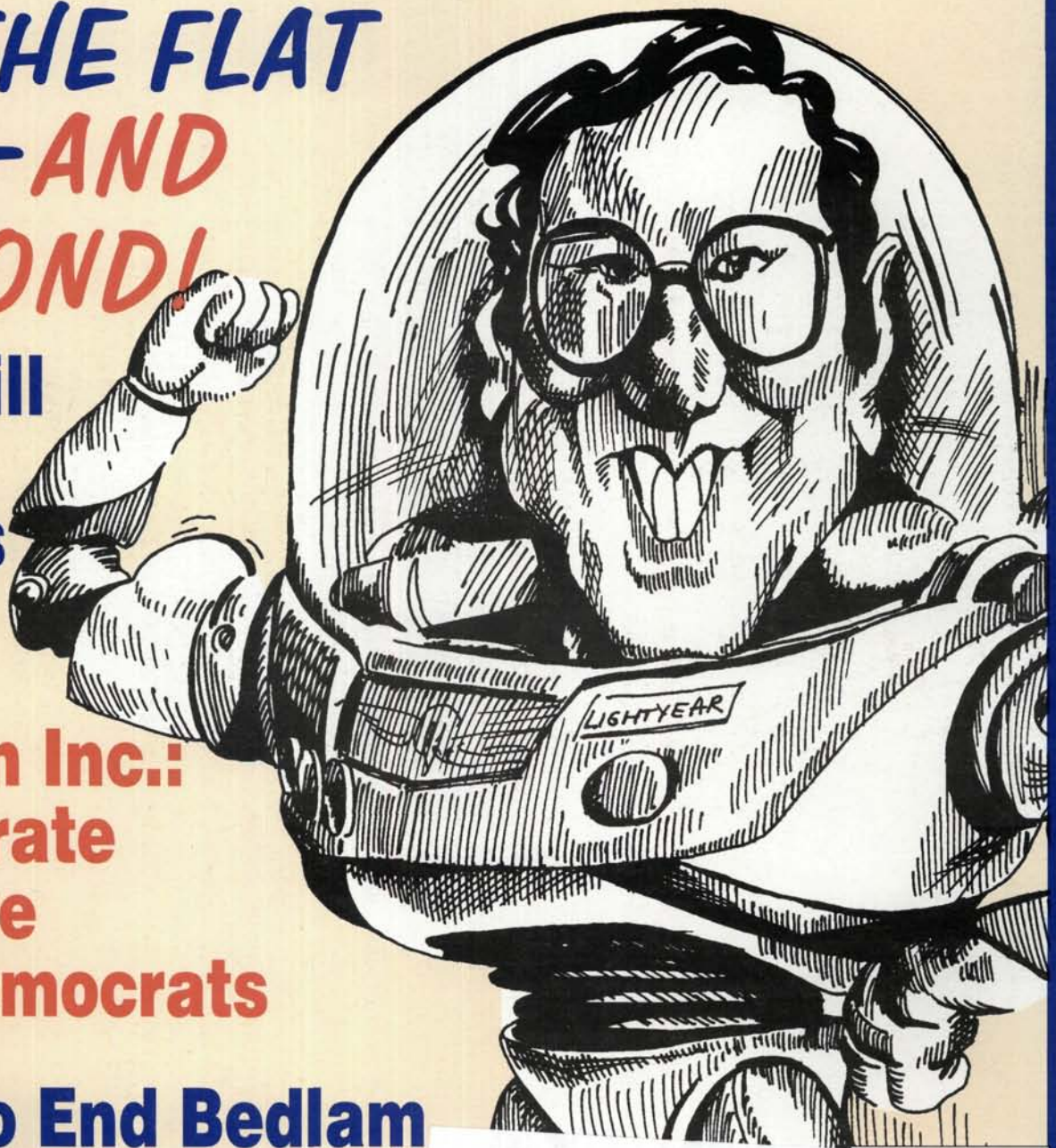
NATIONAL REVIEW

**TO THE FLAT
TAX—AND
BEYOND!**

**But Will
Steve
Forbes
Fly?**

**Clinton Inc.:
Corporate
Welfare
For Democrats**

**How to End Bedlam
In Gotham**



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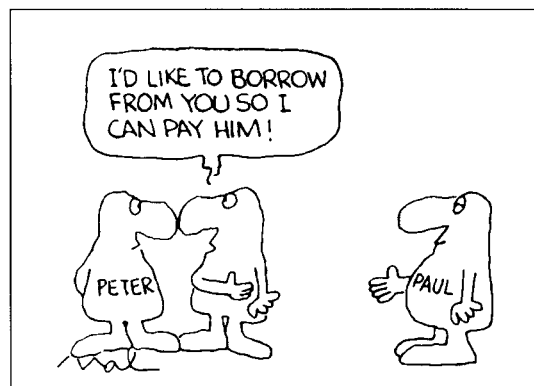
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NATIONAL REVIEW

JANUARY 29, 1996 VOL. XLVIII, NO. 1



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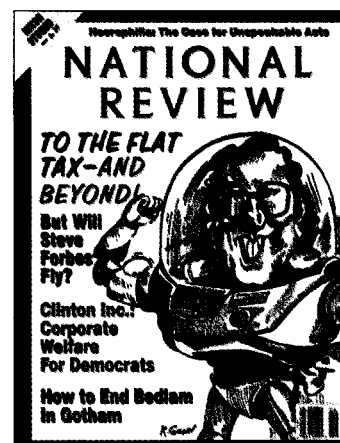
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LETTERS

On Popper

David Glasner's praise of the late Sir Karl Popper ["Karl Popper, Critical Rationalist," Dec. 25] is certainly deserved. It is notable that Popper made a mark in twentieth-century philosophy in two separate fields—philosophy of science and political philosophy. Common to his success in these two fields was, as Glasner says, his insight into the limits of reason. Yet, while Popper's critical rationalism provides a basis for a libertarian philosophy, it cannot provide one for social conservatives. That is because his view of reason is entirely negative. In fact reason is not just a critical faculty, as Popper asserted; it has a positive function as well, i.e., to find the truth.

Popper cannot describe the constitution of the ideal state, or the constitution of liberty, as Hayek, his mentor did. It is one thing to have protested in the strongest philosophic terms, as Popper did, against the rigidities of totalitarian ideology. It is another to denigrate the ability of human reason to discover the existence of social values that form the basis of tolerable and humane government.

John C. Caiazza
Georgetown, Mass.

I don't know how to define a great article, but I know one when I see it. Mr. Glasner's piece was the best I've read in *NR*, and I've been reading it for 15 years.

Gary M. Torrent,
Austin, Tex.

Abortion

You criticize Bill Bennett's position on abortion ["Abortion's New Standard," Dec. 31], which you have every right to do. But the problem is that, first, you are factually wrong, and second, you *knew* you were wrong *before* the editorial was printed, yet published it anyway.

I received an advance copy of the editorial before *NR* went to print. That version stated that Bill Bennett was "disavowing anti-abortion laws as a goal." I immediately called both the New York and Washington offices of *NR* and told you that the statement was flat wrong; it criticized Bennett for positions he simply does not hold. I then sent both offices a copy of a speech Bennett delivered to the Catholic Campaign for America (Nov. 17) which reiterated his views on abortion.

In this speech he said: "My own view is this: I believe *Roe v. Wade* was wrongly decided and based on flawed legal reasoning; I support legislative efforts to expand the boundaries of legal protection for the unborn (such as waiting periods, parental notification, restriction of abortions after viability, and other such measures); I oppose the use of public funds to pay for abortion; and I strongly support pro-life alternatives such as adoption and abstinence." Later in the speech Bennett argued for availability of information on fetal life and possible consequences for the mother. And he went on to say that "the recent effort to ban partial-birth abortions seems to me both tactically smart and morally sound."

NR received copies of the speech, and I was told that the editorial was amended in the light of it. Yet the published editorial states that "Mr. Bennett would have conservatives strike a moral posture on abortion while avoiding uses of the law that might interfere with liberties many people have come to regard as important" (italics added). It also suggests that Bennett is indifferent to abortion and wants to make the GOP a pro-choice party, but that, well, he is not quite forthcoming about it. You were—willfully—wrong again.

One cannot help wondering what motivated you to publish an editorial that you knew was not only incorrect, but a blatant misrepresentation of Bill Bennett's views. Perhaps this was an example of a fact killing a theory (or a fact killing an editorial), in which case *NR*'s philosophy seems to be: ignore the facts.

Whatever the case, you owe Mr. Bennett—a former *NR* editor—an apology. And you owe your readers much higher journalistic standards.

Peter Wehner
Empower America
Washington, D.C.

We fear that Mr. Wehner, an aide to Mr. Bennett, has misinterpreted key phrases in our editorial. We offer this explanation in the hope that it will diminish his grievance, if not his substantive disagreements with us. We understand that Mr. Bennett would restrict certain liberties—e.g., the right to third-trimester abortions. But we do not regard those liberties as ones "many people have come to regard as important." Indeed, it is precisely be-

cause a large majority of Americans does not value these "liberties" that he thinks pro-lifers should concentrate on opposition to them. As a short-term political strategy, this makes sense. But we do not believe pro-lifers should drop, even for a moment, their insistence on a goal that all unborn human beings be protected by law; and in none of Mr. Bennett's recent statements has he so insisted. Even if all the proposals Mr. Bennett advances were adopted, the vast majority of abortions would continue to be unrestricted. The core of the "abortion right" would be maintained.

We do not believe, and did not charge, that Mr. Bennett wants the GOP to become a pro-choice party or that he is indifferent to abortion. We do fear that his position, if adopted by other pro-lifers, would lead to a pro-choice GOP in short order; and our editorial noted that the other person whose abortion views we criticized, Noemie Emery, seemed willing to countenance that possibility. No plausible reading of our editorial supports the interpretation that we accused Mr. Bennett of indifference to abortion. What we argued is that he does not oppose it in the same way he would oppose infanticide. We apologize if, in failing to make our objections to Mr. Bennett's stated position sufficiently clear, we have given anyone a misimpression of that position.

We freely acknowledge that our first draft was mistaken, which is why we corrected it before publication. But it must also be said that Mr. Bennett's position over the last few months has not been completely clear, and our mistake was a reasonable one. In November, he argued against the Human Life Amendment by claiming that it would entail support for jail terms for women who undergo abortions. If that were a sound objection to the amendment, however, it would be an equally sound objection to the smaller-scale restrictions on abortion that he advocated in his Catholic Campaign for America speech. In December, Mr. Wehner distributed copies of Miss Emery's article (urging Republicans to adopt a platform seeking to reduce abortion through "voluntary and non-coercive" means) along with a memo explaining that "Ms. Emery elaborates on the same basic arguments which Bill Bennett has articulated." Given the fluidity of Mr. Bennett's recent positions, it was reasonable to take the latest item on record—Mr. Wehner's memo—as Mr. Bennett's current position.

Mr. Bennett could clarify his position by providing a response to the following question: Are unborn human beings entitled to the equal protection of the laws? If not, why not?

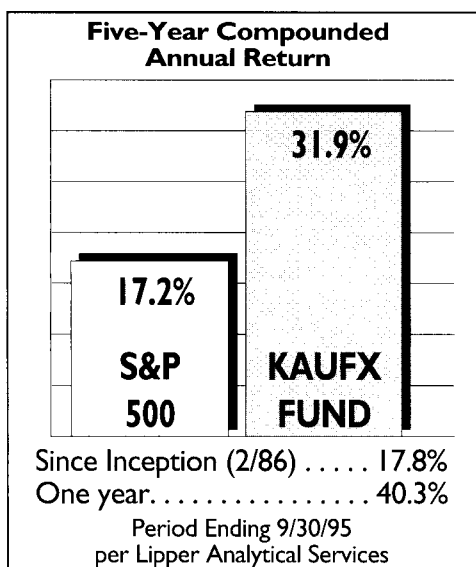
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FROM THE EDITOR

Snowed Under

■ It is winter again, and therefore time for me to reprint my annual (mis)quotation from W. S. Gilbert: "Winter, although occurring at regular and predictable intervals, always catches New York by surprise." (Gilbert's actual remark was about the impact of Saturday afternoon on Baker Street station.)

Snow has fallen, and so Mayor Rudolph Giuliani (or Rudolph the Red-nosed Mayor in current climatic conditions) has announced a state of emergency, closed down the buses, banned all but essential cars from the streets, and appealed for calm.

His appeal seems to have been heeded, for I see nothing but calm on the city streets from my window. A few brave souls trudge through the white haze, some children drag sleds up the side streets, and the muggers are doubtless tucked safely home in bed. Peace is everywhere at hand.

Everywhere, that is, except in the offices of NATIONAL REVIEW where our usual deadline panic has been aggravated by the fact that Roberto Parada's splendid cover illustration of Steve Forbes as Buzz Lightyear (from *Toy Story*) has gone missing in the blizzard. It is reported to be in Charlottesville, in Richmond, in Newark—but not at the printer's.

Our regular caricaturist, Roman Genn, comes to our rescue with a fine black-and-white line drawing which can be transmitted electronically. Almost everything is saved in the end—one ad is still marooned in Newark and the publisher is grinding his teeth.

Meanwhile, I'm dreaming of a white sandy beach in the Caribbean.

■ My favorite New Year resolution in this issue is Gary Bauer's idea that the public-school day begin with a reading from the Declaration of Independence.

With its approving reference to "Nature's God," its pejorative dismissal of Native Americans as "merciless Indian Savages," and its assumption that the United States is a Good Thing, it is a distinctly un-multicultural document.

But the usual suspects (the ACLU, etc.) will find it hard to suggest that the Declaration of Independence is actually unconstitutional.

■ As it happens, I have (ahem, ahem) a modest proposal of my own. If someone convicted of a violent crime is either released before his full sentence is served, or not sent to prison at all, he should be obliged to wear distinctive dress in public.

The clothes must be such as to expose him to humiliation and ribaldry: a ballet tutu, say, or a Donald Duck suit. Thus, he will either stay at home (a danger mainly to his relatives), or break his parole in response to ill-natured comments, or learn patience and humility. In any event, he is unlikely to become a "role model" to local youths.

Alas, unlike Mr. Bauer's proposal, it would never get past the ACLU. It might have a chilling effect on crime.

■ NR's former publisher, Bill Rusher, was inspired by the multicultural parody of "My Favorite Things," quoted in my last column, to mint his own version. By a nice coincidence, his parody landed on my desk on the day that Hillary Clinton's missing invoices from the Rose Law firm came unexpectedly to light:

*Mystery phone calls and vanishing papers,
Vacuumed law files and corporate capers,
Flights into Mena on drug-smuggling wings—
These are a few of my favorite things.*

*Secrets that went to the grave with Vince Foster,
Why Maggie scorns what "forgetting" may cost
her,*

*Gennifer Flowers and Little Rock flings—
These are a few of my favorite things.*

*When deceit fights
Through the long nights
And I'm feeling sad,
I simply remember my favorite things
And then I don't feel so bad!*

Will NR's other versifying director, Frank O'Connell, now rise to this challenge? —JOHN O'SULLIVAN

NATIONAL REVIEW

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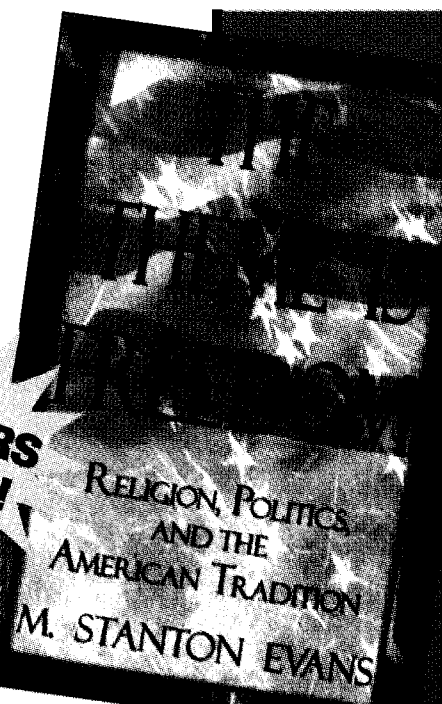
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FOR THE RECORD

■ With start of brief, intense primary season just a month away, **Bob Dole** still enjoys big lead, with challengers looking for new angles of attack. In latest, Dole takes shots over his handling of government shutdown after he says "enough is enough" and abruptly rejects House Republican strategy of using furlough as leverage against **Clinton**. . . . Dole move prompted harsh criticism from House GOP, including some members of the leadership. Says House Minority Whip **Tom DeLay**: "If Bob Dole wants to cave to the wishes of the White House he can do it, but we're going to get a balanced budget." . . . **Phil Gramm** runs ad quoting DeLay and others, calling Dole "Senator Straddle." . . . Dole fires back: "[T]ake a look at what's been going on around here and who's doing the heavy lifting. That would be me. I don't work for those people over there. I am not the leader of the House; I am the leader of the Senate." . . . Meanwhile, **Lamar Alexander**, languishing in single digits, attempts to revive candidacy with Heritage Foundation speech unveiling his "citizenship agenda for a rising, shining America"; agenda includes devolution and steps to encourage civic activism. . . . Alexander argues "under-tow" of Dole nomination would ensure Clinton's re-election, Republican loss of the House. . . . **Steve Forbes**, running second in polls, promises to make Iowa "almost his state of residence" in run-up to February 12 caucuses and continues streams of negative ads portraying Dole as spendthrift Washington insider. . . . In intra-conservative squabble, Forbes defends flat-tax from criticisms by **Pat Buchanan**: "[He] is reflecting traditional cultural thinking in Washington, that any change in the tax code should be revenue neutral." . . . Buchanan calls Forbes's supply-side theories, "Big Rock Candy Mountain conservatism." . . . Back with the rest of the pack in New Hampshire, Buchanan acknowledges his message is a tougher sell now than in 1992: "[Y]ou would get a much greater receptivity to it when times are tough, there's no doubt about it." . . . Meanwhile, according to columnist **Al**

Hunt, Clinton advisor **Dick Morris**, buoyed by President's standing in polls, is bragging that the presidential race is already over.

■ Former **Nixon** officials criticize version of their former boss in **Oliver Stone** film, *Nixon*. While movie depicts hard-drinking Nixon, **John Ehrlichman**, top aide for domestic affairs, writes that "In the five years I was with President Nixon, I never saw him drink in any of his offices, and only rarely elsewhere." . . . Ehrlichman also notes with interest the movie's contention that Chief of Staff **Bob Haldeman** approved burglary of **Daniel Ellsberg's** psychiatrist's office—"because I was the one convicted and jailed for allegedly approving all that." . . . While Stone portrays Nixon as vengeful toward the **Kennedy** family—indeed, he connects Nixon to the assassination of the two brothers—former advisor **Charles Colson** writes about a quiet invitation Nixon extended to **Jackie** and her two children to spend a private evening in the White House. . . . Columnist **Bob Novak** notes that driving force of Nixon, ignored by Stone, was his treatment by establishment while he helped expose **Alger Hiss** as Soviet spy.



"This is great, but they'll never legalize it."

■ **Cahal Cardinal Daly**, Irish primate, says "euphoria and goodwill of the Clinton visit is beginning to ebb away and this could be disastrous." Eighteen-month truce is breaking up with five killings in the last five weeks of 1995, the work of the IRA according to Britain's chief Northern Ireland minister **Sir Patrick Mayhew**. . . . Protestant politician sees Ulster's nine seats at Whitehall as crucial for British Prime Minister **John Major**, who holds majority of just three seats. If other defections follow year-end switch of MP **Emma Nicolson** to Liberal Democrats, Major might be forced into an election before due date of May 1997; Labor now leads polls by 30 points. . . . Gen. **Aleksandr Lebed**, hero of Afghan War, announcing his candidacy against Pres. Boris Yeltsin in June elections, offered an alliance to Communists who scored heavily in December parliamentary elections. . . . Former Soviet leader **Mikhail Gorbachev**, who also says he might run, says Lebed's "political potential is far from exhausted" despite his party's poor showing in parliamentary contests. . . . Colombia authorities say they are cutting off champagne and lobster for billionaire drug kingpins **Gilberto** and **Miguel Rodriguez Orejuela**.

■ Missing from many obituaries of Admiral **Arleigh Burke**, his role in founding the then-conservative Center for Strategic and International Studies in 1961. . . . The next 12-week session of the National Journalism Center, which offers media training within a traditional-values context, starts February 12; deadline for applications is January 26. For more information, contact **M. Stanton Evans** or **Mal Kline** at 800 Maryland Ave., N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002; phone (202) 544-1333, fax (202) 544-5368. . . . Clarification: Quote from Rep. **Peter King** in last issue's FTR was out of context. Rep. King has been supportive of **Newt Gingrich** in his ethics battles.

■ Dole, asked during government shutdown if it makes sense to pay federal employees for not working, explained, "It's like a farm program"—then, with an eye to Iowa voters, quickly backed away from his quip. . . . *New York Times* reports: "So far, Lamar-wear is selling better than Lamar." While Alexander poll numbers sag, Tennessee department store chain nearly sold out of red flannel shirts marketed under label "Lamar!"

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THE WEEK

■ Severe weather last week forced the cancellation of thousands of flights, most of them Hazel O'Leary's.

■ Even the arcane election laws of New York State have not prevented Steve Forbes and Pat Buchanan from collecting enough petition signatures to get on the presidential primary ballot. Provided they surmount one last hurdle: the efforts of the state party machine, which backs Bob Dole, to disqualify them. New York's laws give gimlet-eyed regulars so many opportunities to challenge signatures that petitioners are advised to collect twice as many as the already extravagantly high legal requirement. Dole knows these rules well, for they were used to keep him out of the New York primary in 1988, when the Bush forces ran the state GOP. But this is playground justice, not justice. New York Republicans should be able to vote their preference. And wouldn't it be fun to watch Forbes and Buchanan returning each other's serves in a New York match-up? (Dole could take the role of the net.)

■ After a few weeks of "crisis" and media interviews of whining federal workers suffering speakably on paid leave, someone started the whole thing up again, and the next thing you know, you get your Form 1040 in the mail.

■ Just as Nixon has Oliver Stone, so Pat Buchanan, Nixon's old speechwriter, has Charles Lane, whose profile of Mr. Buchanan ("Daddy's Boy") ornaments a recent issue of *The New Republic*. Lane finds the source of Buchanan's pathologies in his twisted family roots: Catholic dad, Franco-lover, walloped his kids, etc., etc. As it happens, the worst that can be said about Buchanan's brawling youth was said by Buchanan himself, with candor and charm, in his memoir, *Right from the Beginning*. So Lane has to reach further, exhuming old quarrels with neighbors and trotting out that classic of politics masquerading as science, Theodor Adorno's *The Authoritarian Personality*. In the authoritarian personality, Lane quotes, "there is no place for ambivalence or ambiguities." That's Pat! But then, five pages later, when Lane asks Buchanan about some of the liberal policies he had to swallow working for the Nixon White House, such as the opening to China, Buchanan says, "You know, I'm ambivalent about

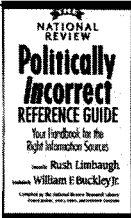
that." Lane doesn't take the hint (he lacks Stone's empathy) but maybe there are sparks of goodness in Buchanan after all.

■ The White House announced that President Clinton was considering putting himself out of work for the shut-down and taking no pay, to show his sympathy for furloughed federal workers. Then some whiz must have noticed that this would have put the President in the "non-essential worker" category. The story quickly and quietly disappeared.

■ Perhaps Bill Clinton is running for re-election because he must, says Mark R. Levin of Landmark Legal Foundation. Levin reminds us that Mr. Clinton is the first President to claim *attorney-client privilege*, which he did in hopes of preventing congressional investigators from learning about his Whitewater activities. He is the first President to assert *executive privilege* against himself, which occurred when his own deputy attorney general was stopped by his own White House counsel from examining the late Vincent Foster's files. He is the first President to *receive legal aid from the taxpayers* by using government lawyers for his personal legal matters, a practice previous Presidents considered unlawful. And Mr. Clinton is the only President to demand absolute *immunity from all civil lawsuits*—even where the suit involves matters alleged to have occurred prior to his election to the Presidency—which is intended to prevent a trial on charges that he sexually molested a former Arkansas state employee. If Clinton loses the Presidency, he may actually have to account for his personal behavior.

■ Our friend Bill Kristol, after talking up Newt Gingrich and Colin Powell as presidential candidates, has recently been seen dallying with Lamar Alexander. With a record like that, if Bob Dole does get elected, Kristol will be forced to move to Bermuda come January 1997. On the other hand, if Dole caves in to Clinton on the budget



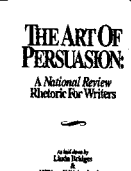


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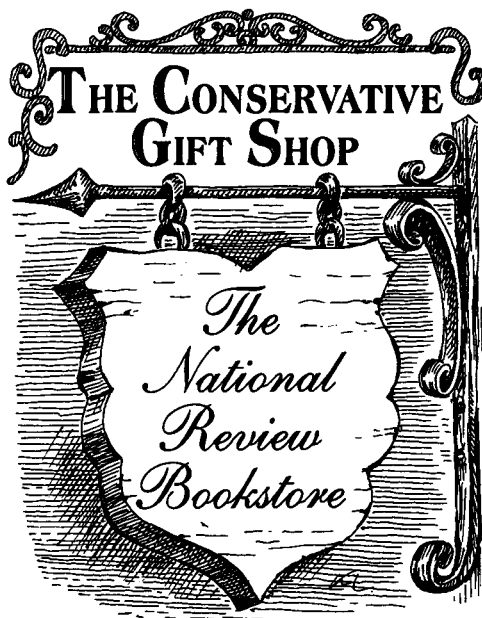
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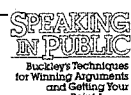
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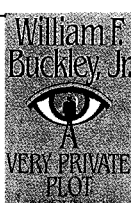
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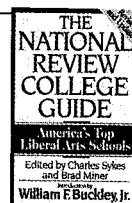
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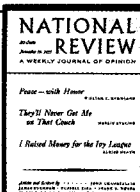
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again, Mr. Kristol will quickly be joined by members of the late Republican majority in Congress.

■ When Bob Dole and Newt Gingrich created the Kemp Commission on tax reform, it was widely viewed as a stalking horse for a Dole tax plan. In the end, however, the commission shied away from devising a detailed plan of its own, preferring to outline general principles for tax reform with which all the advocates of competing flat-tax and sales-tax plans could agree. The most important of these was that the "progressive" structure of multiple rates be scrapped in favor of a single low rate. The task for Republicans now is not to design an ideal tax system from scratch, but to improve the tax system in a politically achievable way. (The commission has already suggested that the charitable deduction and mortgage-interest deduction may have to stay.) We would urge that long-term political consequences also be kept in mind. Tax reform should not raise taxes on any large class of taxpayers; so tax reform must incorporate a major tax cut. Reform should not make taxes less visible and thus easier to raise—a substantial defect of some current proposals. And conservatives should be leery of taking millions of Americans off the income-tax rolls, as both the Arney and Forbes plans do, lest citizens come to believe that they can enjoy Big Government for free.

■ The new 1040s have been mailed, yet there are still 97,000 people who haven't received a refund check for last year's IRS overcharges.

■ Some time ago, North Miami passed a law, upheld by a Florida state court, disallowing applications for city jobs from anyone who had smoked in the past year. A 52-year-old typist, Arlene Kurtz, challenged the ruling, but the Supreme Court has now declared that it was rational for North Miami to discriminate against her, because smokers get sick more often than non-smokers. Logically, this clears the way for all kinds of "rational" discrimination: against gays, because they suffer disproportionately from AIDS; against skiers, because they break their legs more

often than non-skiers; against lovers of junk food, because a healthier diet would make them less vulnerable to heart disease; and so on. Of course, the New Class has no ideological interest in attacking skiers and it takes a decidedly protective interest in gays. Smokers, on the other hand, and everyone else who enjoys bodily pleasures deemed medically inadvisable, are very much in the sights of our betters. It's time for Congress to step in. *They* live pretty carelessly, and what's bad enough for them should be bad enough for the rest of us.

■ CNN *Crossfire* co-host Bob Beckel angrily declared that, because of the shutdown, his mother was not going to receive her meals on wheels. Suddenly the devastating effects of the shutdown came home to us. A food basket is on its way to Mrs. Beckel as a token of *NR*'s atonement.

■ Sam Zhadanov, a 60-year-old inventor and engineer, is serving a five-year sentence in federal prison for making little plastic bottles. His customers told him the containers were for perfume samples. The government said they were crack vials. Feeling he had done nothing wrong, Zhadanov originally insisted on a trial. But under pressure from prosecutors, who threatened to arrest his wife, and on the advice of his attorney, he pleaded guilty. In addition to the prison sentence, Zhadanov has lost almost all of his property to forfeiture. He had never been in trouble with the law before. Yet he was punished more severely than anyone else in the case, including the distributors who hired him to make the bottles and the retailers who sold them to the ultimate users. Although the government said the retail buyers were crack dealers, none of them were arrested, and none of the defendants ever saw any drugs, let alone sold them. Furthermore, in a 1992 case involving crack vials, the courts found that containers did not fall within the federal definition of drug paraphernalia. Zhadanov, who has been in Allenwood Federal Prison Camp for a year, plans a hunger strike on January 18 to call attention to the abuses committed in the name of the war on drugs. "For much of my life I endured the oppression of the former Soviet Union. Now I am reliving that experience in my new home, where I came in search of justice and liberty."

■ Chap in Fort Worth walked into a bank next door to a police station, waited patiently in line wearing a ski mask, ordered the teller to fill a bag with money, politely told her to have a nice day, walked out, and was arrested instantly. Evidently another great mind produced by the public-school system.

■ The great environmental scare of the 1980s was acid rain threatening forests with epidemics of dieback. The Environmental Protection Agency and the Canadian forestry agency looked into the causes of forest dieback, and the results are just coming in. Records of the health of maple and birch forests going back a hundred years show no evidence of increased dieback: "in fact the suc-



Pay Dirt

*The Watkins memo, with its bulk
Once hidden like a drifting hulk,
Lies washed up on a public beach
As hubby and the Mrs. screech
For towels and cabanas to
Protect the thing from boardwalk view,
But like a whale too long ashore,
The clean-up costs are sure to soar.*

—W. H. VON DREELE

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cessive peak levels [of dieback] decreased slightly over the three most recent episodes." The research cites no role for acid rain, and explains episodes of dieback as owing to "overmaturity" (scientific jargon, we assume, for "old age") and late frosts, which can weaken trees. We expect the EPA to say that the electric companies can scrap all those expensive electrostatic precipitators they were forced to install on their smokestacks to reduce sulphur-dioxide emissions. And to announce that electric bills will drop 20 per cent.

■ No one has commented yet, but there are 18½ footnotes missing from the published screenplay of Oliver Stone's *Nixon*.

Less of the Same?

PRESIDENT Clinton's ability to wriggle out of his political chains in the current budget battle approaches the magical. He took what seemed an impossible dilemma—either alienating his base or alienating the country—and turned it to his advantage. He successfully portrayed the Republicans' agenda as heartless and their tactics as extreme, and now he has given himself the crucial cover of a budget that seems actually to balance over seven years. A bravura performance. But his escape is far from complete.

The Republicans' difficulties can be traced directly to their decision to pursue the seven-year balanced budget without the discipline of the Balanced Budget Amendment or support from a Republican White House. That meant taking on Medicare, which in turn shaped their only message in recent months: reducing the rate of growth of government programs. This rhetorical nervousness has infected everything; even at briefings on welfare, a clear GOP plus, Republicans hand out graphs showing how their spending increases are just a notch below those proposed by the Democrats. After an election that was supposed to herald a re-alignment, the GOP seems trapped in a rhetoric that harks back to the bad old days of me-too Republicans: "We want to do everything the Democrats do, only cheaper."

Republicans compounded the anemic rhetoric with a series of tactical mis-steps. First, there was the initial, bungled federal shutdown in November: Republicans mistakenly thought that not extending the debt limit would be the vise that would squeeze Clinton into submission. The GOP put a deadly Medicare premium increase in its first continuing resolution (a temporary funding measure). And Newt Gingrich's back-of-the-plane comment made the GOP look peevish and vindictive. Republicans only managed to squeeze from the President a promise—which he immediately broke—to produce a Congressional Budget Office-scored seven-year balanced budget. Then came the second shutdown, also a tactical fiasco, for which Bob Dole deserves almost all the blame.

He unilaterally abandoned the GOP commitment to keep the government closed until Clinton blinked, disastrously and perhaps deliberately undercutting House Republicans. (Democrats immediately took to the House floor with blow-ups of Dole quotes, like "Enough is enough.") Faced with losing 25 to 30 votes, the House leadership was forced to cave too. (So much for the idea that Newt Gingrich and the GOP Congress could "control" a President Dole.)

After all this President Clinton did finally put on the table a CBO-scored balanced budget. That is a testament to his fear of being branded a defender of traditional Washington spending. But it also poses a risk for Republicans. For weeks they have been suggesting that the only criterion for a budget is that it be balanced with CBO numbers. But this is secondary. What really matters is the fundamental changes in law that will shape a different Federal Government seven years from now, when all the CBO projections have been made into hash. By this standard, the Clinton budget fails. It retains federal control over the welfare system, makes no provision for free-market-based reforms of Medicare, and takes no steps toward devolution of federal programs in general. It contains \$400 billion more in spending than the Republican budget, and \$60 billion more in loophole closing—i.e., tax hikes.

We have always argued that Republicans could be flexible on the numbers in their budget, as long as they preserved their entitlement reforms (bringing the free market to Medicare, ending the entitlement status of Medicaid and AFDC). They have now reached the limits of flexibility by making the President one more offer based on bi-partisan numbers for Medicare, Medicaid, and welfare savings. The most painful item in the compromise was reducing the tax cuts to \$180 billion from \$245 billion, itself already a compromise. But this must be the final offer—hereafter, no more negotiating, no more efforts to exert leverage, no more flexibility: any deal must preserve the family tax credit, making it available this year, and some capital-gains relief.

If Clinton goes along after his initial rejection—he just



Now Hear This

*Hazel O'Leary, whose passion for swank
Rivals a rajah's, is eyeing a plank
Over the water, presumably for
Somebody sentenced to swimming ashore.
President Clinton, a liberal who
Pales when unusual punishment's due,
Sweats in his bunk as Panetta cajoles
Hazel to walk when the quarterdeck rolls.*

—W. H. VON DREELE

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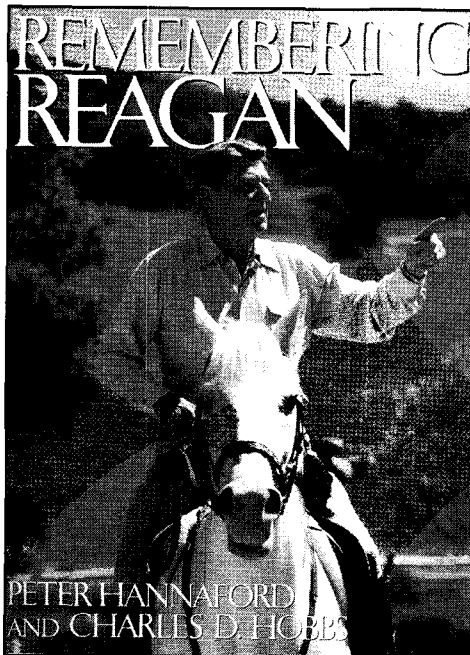
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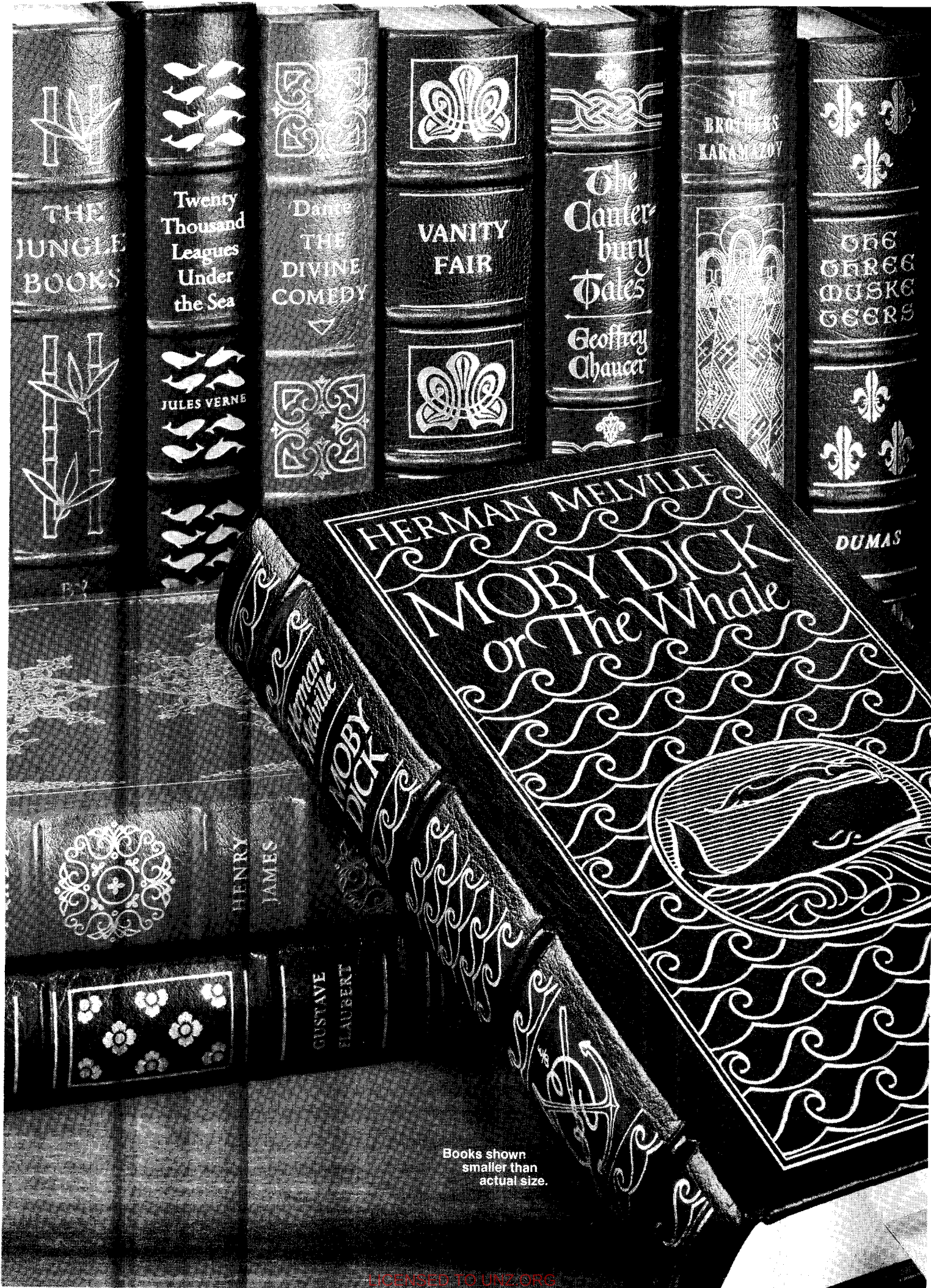
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might if he feels enough pressure from defecting conservative Democrats—fine. The GOP has made appreciable progress, and House freshmen have their balanced budget to take back to the voters in November. If he doesn't, that should trigger a year-long full-court press against the do-nothing President who not only fought a balanced budget but refused to leave more dollars in the hands of families, send power back to the states, or reform welfare.

Now that the GOP has been "bold," "historic," and "responsible" for a year, it's time to take a page from President Clinton's book, emphasizing the themes that will win in November. That means returning to issues that won't get gentle treatment in the *Washington Post*—as the GOP Medicare plan did—but that will mobilize the Republican base and highlight the difference between the two parties. English as the official language, immigration reform, an end to affirmative action, specific abortion restrictions (such as on partial-birth abortions)—all point

the way to a successful campaign against Clinton and the liberalism that offends the common moral sense of most Americans. The Republicans can continue to assail the perversity of selected government programs—from the National Endowment for the Arts to welfare. If they succeed in electing a President and "preserving and protecting" their congressional majorities, they will be able to do more than balance the budget—and live to tell of it.

Twilight of the Goddess

HOW bad is it for Hillary Clinton? William Safire, who supported her husband in 1992, has branded her a "congenital liar" on the *New York Times* op-ed page.

Safire's verdict capped a week of revelations:

Right Data

NEWTON Gingrich wants to cut the top capital-gains tax rate to 19.8 per cent. Most investors are salivating at the prospect. But many rich investors couldn't care less. They have ways to cash out without sharing a dime with Uncle Sam.

One popular technique is the "short sale." If you sell stock for, say, \$1 million more than you paid for it, the government will normally take \$280,000, or 28 per cent of the gains. But if instead you borrow an equivalent amount of stock from your broker and sell it, the IRS assumes you still own the original stock and levies no tax. A wealthy investor merely pays a few points of interest each year to his broker. At his death his heirs can repay the loan with the original stock, thereby avoiding capital-gains taxes entirely.

Another stratagem has been to swap appreciated stock for an interest in a minority-controlled company. Viacom contemplated this affirmative-action loophole when it sold its cable-TV operations last year. Eventually, other ways were found to escape taxes on the multi-billion-dollar transaction.

No one knows how much revenue is lost through such tax strategies. One clear result, however, is a decidedly middle-class tilt to capital-gains taxpayers. In 1994 nearly 8 million taxpayers paid capital-gains taxes. Nearly three-quarters of them had total incomes of \$75,000 or less; more than one-third earned less than \$30,000.

Investors have been increasingly reluctant to take their gains since capi-

gains tax cut? Just about everyone. The GOP tax cut would add \$2.2 trillion to the nation's capital stock by the year 2000, according to Gary and Aldona Robbins. More capital per worker means higher productivity, and that means higher wages. Recent history confirms this: Since the 1987 tax hike, average weekly private-sector earnings have declined 6 per cent; in 1982–86 this measure had risen 1.8 per cent.

People who suffer most from high capital-gains taxes, economist Jude Wanniski recently told the Senate Finance Committee, are "those who are furthest from the sources of capital"—the poor, the young, those who are at the start of their careers. As a group, black Americans may have the most to gain. Blacks, notes Wanniski, constitute about 13 per cent of the population, but have less than 1 per cent of the nation's wealth.

The U.S. Civil Rights Commission agrees. A commission report found that the number of black-

owned businesses nearly doubled between 1978 and 1987, a period during which the top capital-gains rate was slashed from 49 per cent to 20 per cent. Since the 1987 tax hike, that "expansion has slowed significantly."

If Republicans are going to cut entitlements, they must offer something in return. A capital-gains reduction would be a good start.

—ED RUBENSTEIN

A RICH MAN'S TAX? (1994 Tax Year)

Income Bracket	Taxpayers With Capital Gains		Net Capital Gains		
	Number	%	Amount (\$Bil.)	%	Average Gain Per Return
Under \$30K	2,707,000	34.6	\$9.2	9.2	\$3,399
\$30K–\$50K	1,486,000	19.0	6.9	6.8	4,643
\$50K–\$75K	1,425,000	18.2	8.4	8.4	5,895
\$75K–\$100K	814,000	10.4	7.5	7.5	9,214
\$100K–\$200K	898,000	11.5	15.0	15.0	16,703
Over \$200K	502,000	6.4	53.1	53.0	105,777
Total	7,832,000	100.0%	\$100.1	100.0%	\$12,781

Source: IRS

tal-gains tax rates went up in 1987. From 1987 to 1994, for example, the S&P 500 rose a whopping 95 per cent, yet annual realizations fell by more than one-third. Economists at the Joint Economic Committee estimate that \$1.5 trillion in accrued gains has been locked in or shunted into tax-free investment strategies since 1987.

So who would benefit from a capital-



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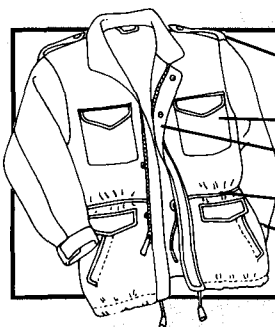
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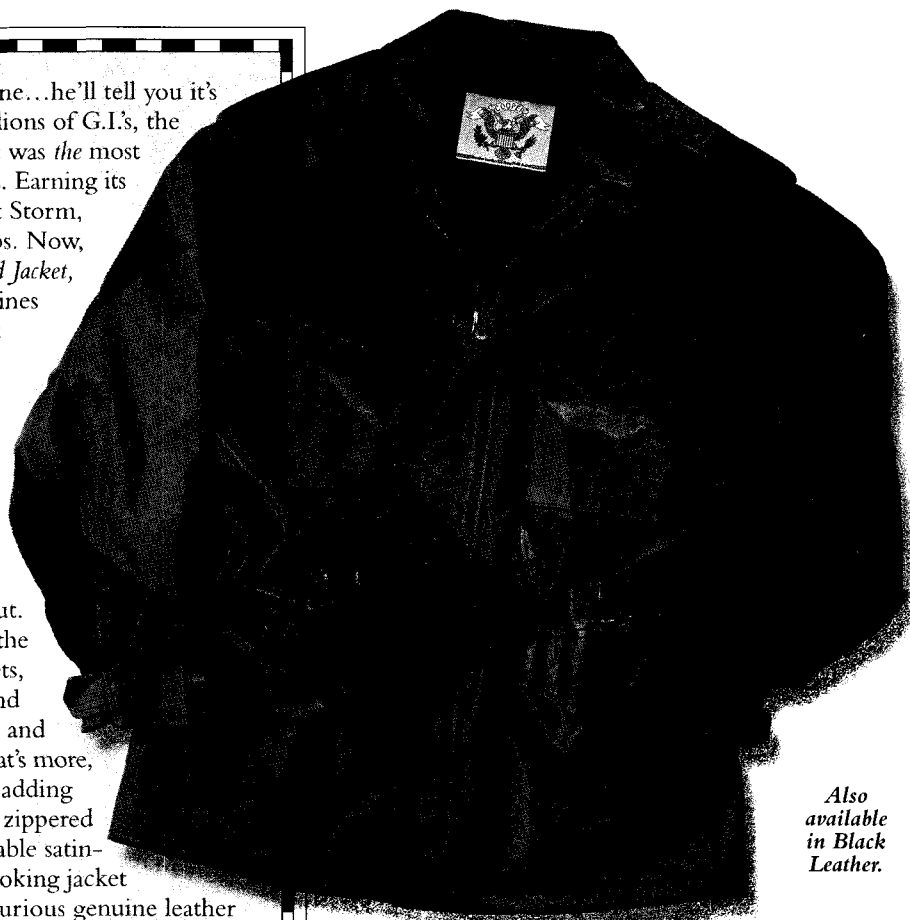
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—On January 3, the White House released a memo written in the fall of 1993 by David Watkins, then an Administration staffer, about the White House Travel Office. Harry Thomason, a Hollywood big-shot and Clinton chum, wanted White House travel arrangements to be handled by a company he owned. Billy Dale, longtime head of the travel office, was forced out on phony charges of embezzlement. (When Dale's case finally came before a jury, it was dismissed in two hours.) Why such heavy-handedness? The Watkins memo explains: ". . . there would be hell to pay" if anyone "failed to take swift and decisive action in conformity with the First Lady's wishes." Yet Mrs. Clinton denied any role in the affair.

—On January 5, the White House found another document—"the second miraculous discovery," Sen. Alfonse D'Amato called it: Mrs. Clinton's billing records from the



The Week in Verse

Three weeks of shutdown seemed to *Newt* enough
When polls suggested he had been too tough.
Beguiled by *Clinton's* balanced-budget plan
To embrace a spirit more bipartisan,
He nudged his erring colleagues into line
And stiffened their resolve to be supine.
The *President* presides, the *Speaker* speaks,
And federal workers work—for three more weeks.
"Let there be bureaucrats once more in town"—
But, as they spoke, a *Blizzard* shut it down,
Proving there's Something polls aren't mightier than,
And *God*, at least, remains *Republican*.

The lesser fry, contending for the prize
As champion of "the rich" in voters' eyes,
Attack each other with increasing verve,
As *Gramm* opines that *Dole* has lost his nerve,
And *Alexander* calls them both "insiders,"
While *Forbes* pursues elusive supply-siders
With *Flat Tax* hopes and dollars of his own
To pay for any needful microphone.
Meanwhile, *Bill's* sure to keep his powder dry
With millions banked and yet a primary bye.

A musty *White House* office—searched in vain
For papers that the law could not obtain
Despite its earnestest solicitations
Before expired statutes of limitations—
By chance produced them in the fresh new year,
When *Hillary*, it seemed, was in the clear
And RTC wound up, although still willing
To notice who was doing *Madison's* billing.
Likewise, the memo *Watkins* wrote turned up
Regarding *Travelgate*—a bitter cup,
No doubt, for the flower of *Rose* to taste,
And yet she scarcely seemed to be shamefaced.
It's not all bad for her when people say:
"Do what she wants or there'll be hell to pay."

—JUVENAL

Rose Law Firm, outlining the work she did on behalf of Madison Guaranty, the failed savings and loan implicated in Whitewater. In April 1994, Mrs. Clinton had said that Madison "is not an area that I really know anything, to speak of, about." Too bad, if true, for the now-revealed records show that she did plenty of work for the sleazy S&L. Perhaps that's why it, to speak of, failed. NB: The White House "found" the billing records days after the statute of limitations ran out on civil offenses by the sleazy advisors of sleazy S&Ls.

—Nothing new on Mrs. Clinton's luck as a novice commodity trader (see "Herd Instincts," by Caroline Baum and Victor Niederhoffer, *NR*, Feb. 20, 1995, for evidence of her skills). But the year is young.

As Safire explains, these revelations are not occurring by chance, or because of changes of heart. As the FBI finds other copies of the damaging documents, White House stonewallers feel compelled to come (minimally) clean. The danger for Mrs. Clinton is that if this pattern continues, the chances of some small fry turning on her, à la John Dean, increase.

For three years, a fawning media told us of Hillary Clinton's extraordinary intelligence and political savvy. It is now clear that these qualities come with an equally extraordinary stubbornness and self-destructive will-to-power. She is Nixon, without the class.

Mr. Safire, practicing the gallantry appropriate to an era of feminism, suggests that Mr. and Mrs. Clinton retain separate defense counsel. But this can be only a stop-gap. The Clintons have been partners and soulmates for more than twenty years, at least as closely bonded politically as they are personally. If she was involved in pervasive corruption and cover-ups, then so was he. The women may go first, but the gentlemen cannot be far behind.

Economics as She Is Spoke

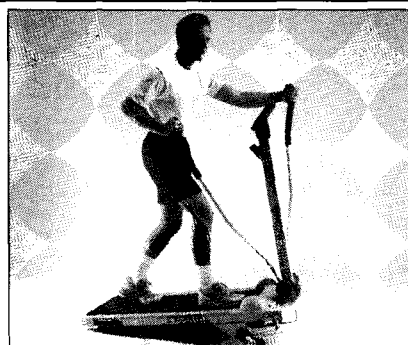
REASONABLE immigration reform may well emerge from Congress this year. Bills authored by Rep. Lamar Smith and Sen. Alan Simpson usefully reduce legal immigration to a range of 500,000 to 600,000 annually, perhaps a third below recent totals. And further reductions will probably follow automatically as the effects of cutting off the more absurdly extended "family reunification" flows are felt. *NR* would prefer deeper cuts into such "family reunification" and into the misnamed "refugee" flow—essentially an expedited, subsidized immigration program for special-interest groups—rather than the restrictions, admittedly minor, now being contemplated in the already scandalously small proportion of skilled immigrants (100,000 to 150,000). But as of now, these bills deserve support.

Which is why the forest resounds with the desperate bellowing of immigration enthusiasts. As usual, this bellowing does not deal with opposing arguments.

—Our good friend George Gilder, in the 9,651st immi-

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gration-enthusiast article to appear on the *Wall Street Journal's* op-ed page (Dec. 18), reverently amplified by Rush Limbaugh (alas!) and placed in the *Congressional Record* by Senator Spencer Abraham (alack!), claims that economists do not acknowledge the effect of "genius" and that without immigrant geniuses "U.S. real living standards would be at least 40 per cent lower."

Forty per cent? C'mon, George, don't be a wimp. Why not 60 per cent? 100 per cent?

It's just as likely (i.e., not likely at all). Standard econometrics suggest that the net additional contribution of the post-1965 influx has been nugatory, maybe 0.1 per cent of GDP. Economists do recognize that intangible factors like genius ("externalities") might also exist. But where are they? There has been no great burst of otherwise inexplicable growth since the 1965 Immigration Act. In fact, exactly the opposite has happened. The U.S. economy grew at an average of 4 per cent in the immigrant-less 1950s. In the quarter-century since the 1965 Act took effect, growth slowed to an average of 2.5 per cent. If we take 1.5 percentage points' less growth annually and compound it for 25 years, that would make Gilder's numbers almost right after all—except that without immigration American GDP would be almost 50 per cent higher rather than 40 per cent lower.

—Ben Wattenberg in a column claims (again) that immigration is a "free lunch . . . sort of" that could bail out the Social Security system. Problem: the numbers don't add up. The Dallas-based National Center for Policy Analysis estimates that trying to save Social Security this way would require importing the equivalent of half the non-elderly population of Latin America in three decades. And when they retire, what then? China?

NR Senior Editor Peter Brimelow painstakingly explains the Ponzi economics of this scheme in his *Alien Nation: Common Sense about America's Immigration Disaster*, which Mr. Wattenberg must have read because he describes it in his own new book as "half racialism, half hokum." We know a racist is someone winning an argument with an immigration enthusiast. Does "hokum" mean he has actually done economic research?

But then, being an immigration enthusiast means never having to say you're sorry, or deal with facts or logic.

NOTES & ASIDES

■ Memo to: Bill
From: Dusty

Bill: Here is one I think you'll want for Notes & Asides, to wit the upcoming celebration of the National Center for Neighborhood Enterprise, Bob Woodson's very special activity. As you know, they give their Achievement Against the Odds prize annually to someone who has made it from the bottom—without government help.

Details: Omni-Shoreham Hotel (2500 Calvert St., N.W., Washington, D.C.), March 13, 6 P.M. Call Barbara Douglas at 202-331-1103 for reservations. Come one, come all!

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

If it ain't broke, don't fix it. The official language of the United States is English—unofficially, of course. Do we want more legislation? That would be opening a can of little worms or, as they say in Italian, *vermicelli*.

Sincerely yours,
George Jochnowitz
Professor of Linguistics
The College of Staten Island
Staten Island, N.Y.

Dear Professor Jochnowitz: Oh come on, doc. By that token so is the dictionary a can of worms, telling us what words mean, where they came from, and how they should be used. Is linguistics a lost cause? Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

NR, September 25, 1995. Buckley on Fuhrman. "It touches on the recognition of the awful baseness of which human beings—Americans—are capable."

Even nice guys, like WFB! See NR, September 25, 1995, Buckley on Jerry Garcia.

"But he [Garcia] also killed . . . a lot of people." On the evidence that an NR intern attended a Grateful Dead concert (perhaps several?), later left NR, married, divorced, remarried, divorced, remarried, and went off to live in the hills? If you cited an actual death, the reasoning would remain appalling (*post hoc, ergo propter hoc*). But to equate leaving NR and going off to live in the hills as death, either or both, is a bit extreme even for a sailor and NR partisan. One wonders whether you would have deemed it equivalent to being "killed, if that's the right word for such as our intern," if he had quit NR to live on a boat perhaps to write spy novels.

It is almost bizarrely ironic that in just the previous issue of NR, citing as example the description of Garcia as a "genius," Andrew Ferguson decried the use of hyperbole by the popular press. Now the patrician and sophisticated WFB and NR take hyperbole a giant leap forward by calling him a killer.

On what were you tripping to write with such uncharacteristic, undisciplined, uncivil, driveling *baseness*? Or am I being hyperbolic?

Most sincerely confused,
Hal Kant
Reno, Nev.

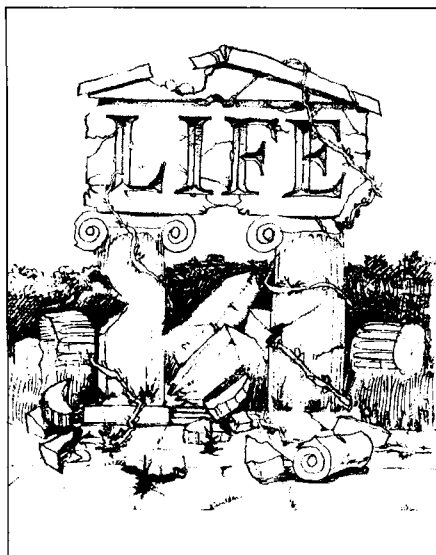
PS: Jerry Garcia spoke well of you.

Dear Mr. Kant: If you allow "kill" metaphorical license, it would explain the diversion of useful energy to thralldom to Jerry Garcia. And why shouldn't he speak well of me? We never competed. Cordially,
—WFB

CAPITAL SCENE

Abort, Retry, Fail:?

RAMESH PONNURU



THE Dole campaign staff spent December 18 on a task at which it has some experience: frantically cleaning up after its candidate's unscripted remarks. The day before, on *Meet the Press*, Dole had left the impression that he no longer supported a Human Life Amendment to the Constitution. The campaign quickly explained that he meant only that he would make exceptions for rape, incest, or threat to the life of the mother. That explanation is consistent with the transcript of the show, and most pro-life leaders accept it. Gary Bauer, head of the Family Research Council, sees the latest Dole gaffe as "evidence of not having thought it through and hamhandedness," not as a shift in position.

Phyllis Schlafly still has her doubts. If Dole supports an amendment, she asks, why hasn't he signed her pledge to support the current Republican platform on abortion? The platform commits the party to, among other things, a Human Life Amendment. It does not explicitly rule out the possibility of exceptions to

a general ban on abortions, though it is often misrepresented as doing so and, indeed, is open to that interpretation. The campaign has made no plausible response to Mrs. Schlafly's question.

Pro-lifers are not enthusiastic about the Republican field. Steve Forbes opposes most restrictions on abortion and dodges the question of whether he would push to overturn the Supreme Court's decision in *Roe v. Wade*. While he has many pro-life supporters and his campaign is making overtures toward pro-lifers, he is nonetheless the favorite candidate of Republicans for Choice. Lamar Alexander, who is sometimes described as "pro-life," argues that the Federal Government should neither fund nor prohibit abortion, and that the states should restrict it. Yet he also opposes overturning *Roe*, which uses federal power to prevent states from enacting most restrictions. Apparently his campaign, cynical as ever, is betting on the ignorance of the American public on this issue. Dole and Phil Gramm have strong anti-abortion positions and voting records (Gramm's are slightly stronger). When pressed, however, both are quick to explain that they don't want the issue to dominate the campaign—and to make it clear that they would rather talk about almost anything else.

Most pro-life Republican politicians face pressure from peers, big-money donors, and the media to switch their positions. Going mute has been a common response. Pro-lifers find the leading Republican contenders' reluctance to discuss abortion frustrating. George Weigel, an influential social conservative, asks, "Why aren't they talking to the people who could help them articulate this issue? . . . They have to stop assuming that the American people are afraid of arguing the issue." Bauer insists that abortion, and the Democrats' radi-

calism on the subject, "should be a major issue. . . . There's a great hunger in the pro-life movement to have a candidate who you don't have to hold your breath when the issue comes up." Some pro-lifers have moved beyond frustration to pervasive mistrust; they look forward to any betrayal by the party as a vindication. Haley Barbour and even Ralph Reed have been the targets of attacks they have done little to deserve.

Some pro-life intellectuals have suggested that a way out of the impasse might be for the Republican platform to drop the goal of a Human Life Amendment. In 1994, Weigel and Bill Kristol argued that Republicans should focus on more achievable objectives (cultural change, third-trimester bans, etc.) while retaining the goal of "a society in which every unborn child is protected in law and welcomed in life." The platform, they thought, should reflect the struggles in which pro-lifers are actually engaged and should, in Kristol's formulation, "gesture toward" but not "embrace" public ambivalence on abortion. Republican politicians, no longer on the defensive, would then be able to speak more effectively on the issue. Social-conservative leaders reacted cautiously—many feared that the media would classify any platform change as a retreat, with demands for further retreats sure to follow—but not dismissively. The proposal, however, never caught on at the grassroots.

WILLIAM Bennett has tried to revive it in the last few months. In the course of a nasty dispute with social-conservative activists Paul Weyrich and James Dobson, he has argued that pro-life support for the Human Life Amendment has done nothing to reduce abortions; that it logically entails imposing the penalties for first-degree murder on abortionists and their clients; and that, while legal protections for the unborn should be expanded, more attention should be paid to cultural change. In December, *The Weekly Standard*, edited by Kristol, published an essay by Noemie Emery in which she suggested that the GOP adopt a platform that would condemn abortion without seeking to outlaw it.

Pro-lifers have been far less receptive to these arguments than they were to Kristol-Weigel. In the summer of 1994, Mrs. Schlafly proposed her own alternative platform language; now she insists on preserving every comma and period

Mr. Ponnuru is NR's national reporter.

of the 1992 plank. Pro-lifers felt beleaguered in 1993-94 after a Supreme Court defeat, a presidential-election loss widely if unfairly attributed to them, and Clinton Administration executive orders liberalizing abortion. Now pro-lifers feel they are scoring intellectual, cultural, and moral victories (e.g., the lopsided congressional vote to ban "partial birth" abortions, Jane Roe's partial conversion to the pro-life cause). Father Richard John Neuhaus, a leading religious-conservative intellectual, predicts "that we are at the cusp of a historic change on this question," lacking only political leadership. In addition, some pro-lifers now feel that entertaining proposals for a tactical shift has yielded only public spats and talk of substantive retreats.

Both the content and the tone of Bennett's statements have caused puzzlement, sadness, and some anger among pro-lifers. A former close ally of Bennett's describes argument about first-degree murder charges as evidence of intellectual laziness. More damningly, one major pro-life leader says, "One of the things that makes this hard to swallow for a lot of people is that neither Bill [Bennett nor Kristol] has spent any intellectual capital actually making the case against abortion. I mean, all their intellectual capital seems to be spent on trying to get the right-to-life movement to cheapen its agenda." Bennett, however, has gained at least one new admirer: Ann Stone, head of Republicans for Choice, says, "From the press reports, a lot of what he's saying makes sense," and commends his "steps toward sanity."

Most pro-life activists are willing to embrace an incremental strategy, but they want the platform to reflect the goal of outlawing most abortions. Bauer speaks for many of them in complaining that the threat to (in his view) weaken the platform "has been made greater not by increasing pressure from pro-abortion forces in the party but by a number of conservatives who for no good reason that I can see keep playing into the hands of the liberal media and critics by continually obsessing on the words of the platform, something they accuse the pro-family movement of doing." (He adds that the abortion stance of the vice-presidential nominee is "equally as important" as the platform.) Long-time pro-life activist Jeff Bell turns Kristol's argument on its head: "Given the simple fact that none of the likely Republican nominees are likely to empha-

size abortion as an issue, it's all the more important not to dilute the programmatic aspect."

So far the controversy among pro-lifers involves writers, not candidates or likely convention delegates. Bell nonetheless worries that many Republican leaders will think that they can modify the platform without risk if even Bennett, "the best-known social conservative in the Republican Party," believes it should be done. "It doesn't have to cause a popular turnaround in rank-and-file opinion to have the desired effect of changing the platform," he says.

Unless the nominee wants to change the platform, leading pro-life activists expect a repeat of 1992: despite a lot of talk about how a big abortion fight would dominate the GOP convention, arm-twisting by Bush operatives prevented proponents of abortion rights from getting enough delegates (a majority of six state delegations or 20 per

cent of the total) to bring the issue to the floor.

This year's nominee would also try to avoid a floor fight. And many pro-choicers might not want to force a vote: they would almost certainly lose. One veteran of the platform-writing process suggests that even the nominee could lose a floor fight if he sought what pro-lifers saw as a major retreat on the platform. Alexander, with whom both Bennett and Kristol have been flirting, would be the most likely to try.

Even if the platform doesn't change, the sound and fury we can expect until the convention will have signified something: the continuing power of the abortion issue. There have been many confident predictions over the years that the issue has finally been settled. And many Americans, especially politicians, devoutly wish the issue would disappear. Their wish isn't likely to be granted any time soon. □

Mr. Corporate Welfare

STEPHEN MOORE

THE Republican plan, snickers GOP-bashing commentator Kevin Phillips, savages federal programs that help "the elderly, the working poor, and college kids," while providing "candy-corn treats and chocolate kisses for Corporate Welfare Kings." The *Washington Post* agrees, calling federal subsidies to big business "the pork that won't slice." In the GOP budget, the paper declares, "Everything gets cut—but not corporate welfare."

Yet when the media condemn corporate welfare as "GOP pork," they get the story only half right—at best. That the Republican record in cutting taxpayer subsidies to big business has been disappointing is true enough. By and large, however, notwithstanding the laissez-faire rhetoric, the record of liberal Democrats has been worse.

Corporate welfare has its origins in the New Deal. Many of the corporate-aid programs that the Left seems so eager to purge from the federal budget today—the Tennessee Valley Authority, the Rural Electrification Administra-

tion, the Export-Import Bank, subsidized deposit insurance for banks, farm price-support programs—are vestiges of FDR's 1930s-style socialism. The second great cornucopia of corporate statism was LBJ's Great Society. His list of oinkers includes the Economic Development Administration, and public-housing, public-works, and mass-transit programs that have done little to help the poor but a great deal to create wealth for the construction industry. The military-industrial complex that Ike warned of in 1961 pales in comparison to the legacy of the Great Society and its aftermath: a half-trillion-dollar-a-year social-policy-industrial complex.

And what of the tax code? How did it become so polluted with ethanol subsidies for Archer Daniels Midland, tax write-offs for bull sperm and windmills, low-income-housing credits for slumlords, and other gaudy paybacks to corporate political givers? Newt Gingrich had it about right when confronted at a recent press conference on the issue of corporate pork in the tax code. "Liberals have spent forty years building up the corporate welfare state," he shot back. "Republicans shouldn't be expected to dismantle it in 18 months."

True, but the relentless attacks would

Mr. Moore is director of fiscal-policy studies at the Cato Institute and author of the Cato study Ending Corporate Welfare as We Know it.

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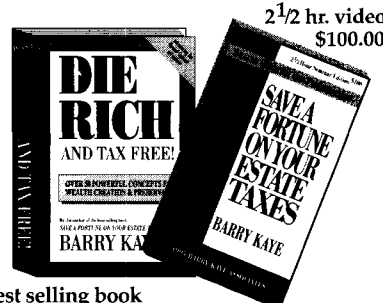
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not sting so much if Republicans at least chiseled out more bricks. My colleague Dean Stansel and I calculated back in March that Uncle Sam doles out \$80 billion each year in unwarranted direct cash subsidies to business. The spending subsidies range from high-tech-R&D handouts for companies like General Electric, AT&T, and Chevron, to export assistance to companies like Boeing and General Electric, to billions of dollars of peanut, sugar, wool, and mohair price supports to multi-million-dollar agribusinesses. Get rid of all this sludge and you could cut the budget deficit in half or alternatively almost pay for the abolition of the entire corporate income tax.

Some of the corporate slurpees retained this year are downright embarrassments to a party allegedly dedicated to shrinking the size of the state. For example, supposed deficit hawk Pete Domenici granted a stay of execution to Jimmy Carter's long-defunct Department of Energy—now a grand repository of energy-related handouts to big business, many of which happen to be located in New Mexico. All that stands between American consumers and lower milk and cottage-cheese prices at the grocery store is House Rules Committee chairman Gerry Solomon, who wants to raise price supports for marginally competitive upstate New York dairy farmers.

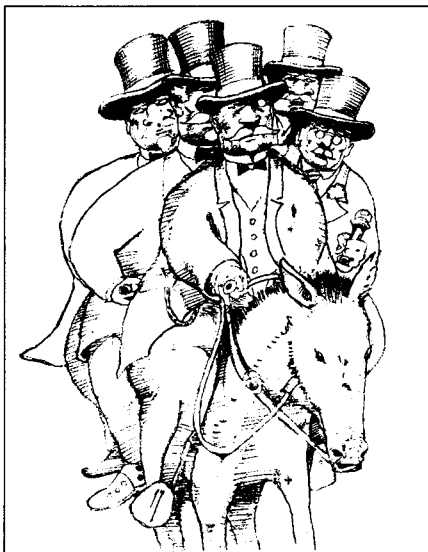
Meanwhile, the poster child of corporate welfare, the \$100-million-a-year USDA Marketing Promotion Program—which underwrites overseas advertising for the Pillsbury Dough Boy, Dole pineapples and lemons, and Ernest and Julio Gallo cabernets—was actually rewarded with a 20 per cent budget hike for 1996. How's this for providing ammunition to the enemy? While the GOP wisely voted for a two-year time limit for families on Aid to Families with Dependent Children, the MPP allows corporations five years before they are nudged out of the safety net. Yet if the GOP is selling votes, it's selling them awfully cheap: but of the enormous \$80-billion industry slush fund, the GOP extracted less than \$10 billion in 1995.

In any case, it turns out that the single greatest obstacle to tearing down the walls of the corporate welfare state today is not Gerry Solomon, or Pete Domenici, or Bob Dole, but—Bill Clinton.

Time and again the Clintonites have foiled congressional Republicans' at-

tempts to shrink business subsidies. A prime example is the Department of Commerce—Washington's command-and-control center for doling out corporate aid, with 102 programs and 36,000 bureaucrats. Republican freshmen tried valiantly to shut down the agency, but they eventually were derailed by a massive lobbying campaign orchestrated by Clinton's Commerce Secretary Ron Brown (who set up a "war room" to fend off the GOP assault). Brown protested that shutting down the agency would be "tantamount to unilateral disarmament in the global economy." And he continues to allege that his trade-promotion activities "helped businesses win export contracts worth almost \$25 billion supporting more than 300,000 jobs." If we only had ten more Ron Browns, America's trade deficit and unemployment would presumably vanish.

In June 1994 Clinton imposed new



Frederick H. Carlson

mandates for ethanol in gasoline, maintaining that the corn-based fuel substitute "would create thousands of new jobs for the future" and protect "our environment, our public health, and our farmers." Every scientific analysis, and every public-interest group on the Left and the Right, agrees that these claims are entirely fatuous. This was a blatant political payoff. As the *New York Times* editorialized: What the Clinton Administration's "new rule will do is take money from consumers and taxpayers and hand it over to Archer Daniels Midland." Why the special favors for ADM's CEO, Wayne Andreas? Investigative reporter James Bovard finds that ADM and related interests gave \$50,000 in contributions to the Democrats days before the 1992 election; some \$300,000 in soft-money contributions to the

Democratic Party in the first 18 months of the Clinton Administration; and nearly \$500,000 to Democratic candidates in the run-up to the 1994 elections (compared to \$325,000 for Republicans). In this Administration, the contributions have yielded a rich harvest.

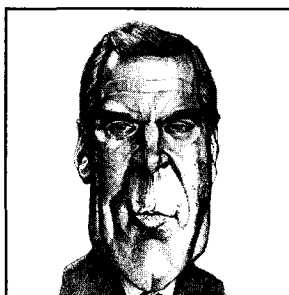
Labor Secretary Robert Reich is now furiously backpedaling from the challenge he issued to Republicans a year ago to cut aid to dependent corporations. Mr. Reich explained in the *Wall Street Journal* recently that it wasn't corporate welfare per se but "corporate subsidies without broader public benefit," that were bad. The Clintonites want a "cost-benefit" test to be applied to business subsidies. That seems reasonable, but the White House hasn't yet identified a single subsidy that fails the test.

If there were any lingering doubts about President Clinton's allegiance to the corporate welfare state, his veto of the GOP budget should have put them to rest. He announced in his fifty-page veto message that he is opposed to virtually every dollar of the meager corporate-welfare cuts in the GOP budget. For example, the Republicans aim to terminate something called the Advanced Technology Program—a Clinton Administration invention that gift-wraps nearly a half-billion dollars a year in \$5-million "grants" to high-tech firms. A cynic might say that the ATP techno-pork is Clinton's way of reciprocating Silicon Valley's generous financial support of his 1992 campaign. (Understandably, the IBMs and GEs of the world loudly sing the program's praises.) Everything that is detrimental about corporate welfare—particularly the parasitic relationship between government and industry—is embodied in the ATP. Yet next to Americorps, this is Clinton's most beloved program.

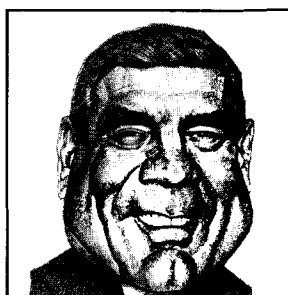
Later in his veto message Clinton lists as unacceptable GOP cuts in agriculture price supports (the "farm safety net"), export-assistance programs, subsidies to industrial R&D, and 1970s-style alternative-energy programs. The Left may be correct in saying that the GOP's corporate-welfare cutbacks add up to a paltry sum. But Clinton is opposed to every penny of those paltry savings.

The lesson of this past year's assault on the budget is that K Street industry lobbyists can breathe a deep sigh of relief: as long as Bill Clinton remains in the White House the corporate social safety net will remain intact. □

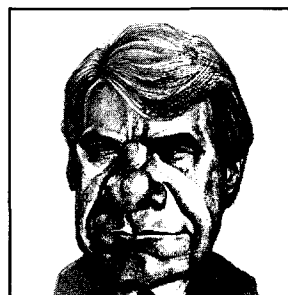
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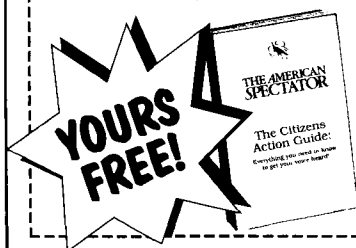
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BREAD & CIRCUSES

AS 350 of the conservative faithful happily rang in the new year at the first annual Dark Ages Weekend in Florida, a raven croaked. If a mood ring had been smuggled in from the Renaissance Weekend, it would have registered the revelers' upbeat humor. A light-hearted tone prevailed even at the panel dubbed "Conservative Mistakes: What Can We Learn from Them?" But will the political optimism at the dawn of 1996 go up in smoke like the fumes from the complimentary cigars? Next December when the group reconvenes, President-elect Dole could be closeted with his advisors making his Cabinet picks. Or an emboldened President Clinton might be reviewing his short list of nominees for the Rehnquist vacancy on the Court—with Speaker-elect Gephardt. And if so, perhaps next year's conference will discuss whether the conservatives' biggest mistake in 1996 was their failure to unite behind a single candidate to challenge Bob Dole.

Phil Gramm long looked like the obvious conservative challenger. Steve Forbes lacks appeal to social conservatives, and Pat Buchanan has wandered away from economic conservatism. Despite Gramm's failure to link consistently his antipathy to the growth of government with a vision of economic opportunity and cultural renewal, he is the only candidate whose record and message appeals to the Reagan coalition of social and economic conservatives. And Gramm is an excellent debater and a tireless campaigner who has won the support of conservative Democrats and independents in each of his Texas races.

In 1976, when the establishment moderate candidate was Gerald Ford, conservatives never doubted they belonged with Ronald Reagan even though only two governors and a single senator endorsed him. Yet they have so far refused to give Gramm their united support. Without that he will be hard pressed to defeat Dole and, if he man-

ages that, to launch a national campaign offering a clear choice between a candid, articulate conservative and a dissembling liberal.

Conservatives give numerous reasons for their failure to rally behind the conservative most capable of winning the nomination. Some have joined the

Dole camp, bowing to the "inevitability" of his nomination and arguing that their early support will ensure a conservative influence over his Administration.

The same argument was made on behalf of George Bush, and indeed stiff competition took place to fill quota conservative positions. But where was the conservative influence?

Admittedly, George Bush had to cater to a Democratic Congress. Some conservatives go on to argue that a President Dole needs no convictions, only a pen, since his role will be largely confined to signing the revolutionary legislation shipped down Pennsylvania Avenue by Speaker Newt Gingrich and Senate Majority Leader Trent Lott.

These conservatives assume, first, that Bob Dole would handily defeat Bill Clinton and then that, having become leader of the GOP and the only nationally elected Republican, he would be eclipsed by the unpopular Newt Gingrich. In fact, it is Gingrich's troops who would find their agenda undercut by the platoons of Dole appointees in the Executive Branch. Voters would be able to register their opinion of endless intra-Republican squabbling in the off-year elections of 1998.

Some conservatives do recognize that if there is to be a conservative realignment, it really matters who occupies the White House. All too often, however, they then raise specific misgivings to explain their half-heartedness about Gramm. Social conservatives have no doubt that Gramm is committed to the pro-life and traditional-values agenda (he enjoys a 100 per cent pro-life voting record and has not wavered in his opin-

ion that *Roe v. Wade* should be overturned). But they complain that he doesn't emphasize these issues in his campaign speeches, which stress economic arguments for "less government and more freedom."

Despite this reputation, economic conservatives have their own version of emphasis angst. They would like to see an economic-growth message central to a campaign, and some have flocked over to Steve Forbes. Here conservatives are dividing over differences of style and tone. Forbes and Gramm both have flat-tax proposals, and Gramm has been making the supply-side case on tax incentives for at least two decades. When Steve Forbes talks about American exceptionalism permitting "ordinary people to do extraordinary things" he echoes Gramm's oft-repeated story about his immigrant in-laws. Gramm's inability to project a genial demeanor and his emphasis on spending rather than tax cuts have given rise to a long-shot challenger who threatens his base.

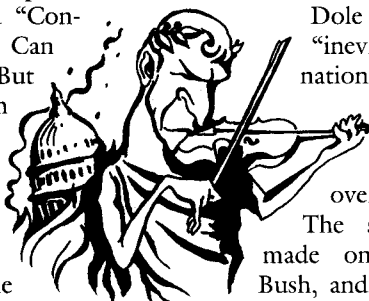
THIS has seriously disrupted his plan to emerge as the single, viable conservative alternative to Bob Dole. Even prior to his announcement a year ago, the Gramm campaign viewed support by the conservative movement as in the bag; so it focused on raising money and winning local endorsements. Conservative pleas to talk about either abortion, or opportunity, or the culture were briskly dismissed. Presentations to potential supporters focused on Gramm's impressive fundraising and organizing abilities.

This failure to accommodate conservative concerns let other candidates siphon off supporters who found more willing listeners in these other campaigns. It still does.

As yet, however, not a single real vote has been cast. And Kellyanne Fitzpatrick of the Polling Company points out that despite his 100 per cent name ID Dole has only a third of the Republican primary vote committed to him. She argues that a single conservative challenger might yet emerge. He had better.

Imagine the party next December if a conservative President-elect joined the revelers at the second Dark Ages Weekend. And imagine the dismay if continued quibbling by conservatives about the relative emphasis placed on particular issues had led to the nomination of a far less conservative—and unsuccessful—candidate.

—KATE O'BEIRNE



Small Company's New Golf Ball Flies Too Far; Could Obsolete Many Golf Courses

Pro Hits 400-Yard Tee Shots During Test Round

Want To Shoot An Eagle or Two?

By Mike Hensen

YALESVILLE, CT – A small golf company in Connecticut has created a powerful, new ball that flies like a U-2, putts with the steady roll of a cue ball and bites the green on approach shots like a dropped cat. But don't look for it on weekend TV. Long-hitting pros could make a joke out of some of golf's finest courses with it. One pro who tested the ball drove it 400 yards, reaching the green on all but the longest par-fours. Scientific tests by an independent lab using a hitting machine prove the ball out-distances ten major brands dramatically.

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Despite this extraordinary performance the company has a problem. A spokesman put it this way: "In golf you need endorsements and TV publicity. This is what gets you in the pro shops and stores where 95% of all golf products are sold. Unless the pros use your ball on TV, you're virtually locked out

of these outlets. TV advertising is too expensive to buy on your own, at least for us.

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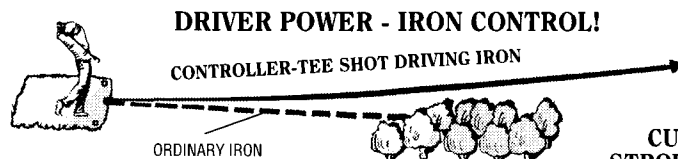
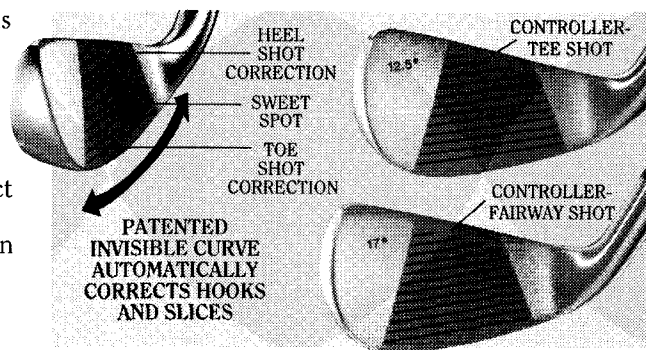
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ON THE SCENE

People's China: Third Epoch

ROBERT ELEGANT



Roman Gerni

BEIJING
TWENTY years ago I landed at Peking airport in the Air Force 707 assigned to Secretary of State Henry Kissinger. I had for decades been reporting on the extraordinary phenomenon that was the People's Republic of China under Chairman Mao Tse-tung. But the Communists had consistently denied me entry. Nor would I have been there that October day in 1975 if Kissinger himself had not told the Chinese they could not dictate the composition of the press party that accompanied him.

Before our departure four days later, a spokesman of the Foreign Office told me I was under an interdict because I wrote too critically about the People's Republic, even if accurately. That accuracy was evidently his chief objection.

He said: "Yes, we have crime, but why write about it? Just change your approach and we'll give you visas."

I replied: "If you give me a visa, I might change my approach after close

observation. But then again I might not."

And he exploded: "Besides, your Chinese is too damned good!"

I was flattered, but frustrated. Clearly it would be some time before I saw China again.

It was to be six years. By that time a new epoch had begun in China, and the authorities were more concerned with the foreign exchange they could earn from tourism than with keeping a gadfly reporter out. Much more had changed than spelling Peking as Beijing and Mao Tse-tung as Mao Zedong. I was during the following years to watch perhaps the most decisive *nonviolent* alteration in the character of a modern dictatorial regime that has ever occurred.

China's modern history is divided into three epochs—with a fourth soon to come. The turbulent epoch that began in October 1949 with the proclamation of the People's Republic was dominated by the mercurial, visionary, and brutal Chairman Mao. In the late Seventies began a second epoch, that of Paramount Leader (though titularly only a vice premier) Deng Xiaoping, who strove to make China and the Chinese people prosperous by relaxing strict "socialist" control of the economy, encouraging private enterprise, and trading with the outside world. The present epoch of collective leadership, only a few years old, will not last long; a desperate national government and Communist Party are striving to remain in power by catering to the generals of the People's Liberation Army.

Deng Xiaoping wanted to make China rich while retaining stringent control over actions, speech, and thoughts. That effort to square the circle led to the massacre of students demonstrating for a modicum of democracy in Tiananmen Square in June 1989. Since the move-

ment was nationwide, the regime would have fallen had Deng not been Draconian.

When I went to Beijing last fall, a senile Deng Xiaoping was, at 91, a political cipher. The physical death of the man who led China to a modified market economy will be significant chiefly because the shock may precipitate drastic maneuvers like the conspiracy that destroyed the Soviet Union.

The contrast among those epochs is seen graphically in Beijing. The changes in the city between my visit in 1992 and this visit are more marked than the changes between 1975 and 1992.

In Beijing in 1975 just one out of a dozen big restaurants attempted to attract custom. Globular scarlet Chinese lanterns hung from the eaves outside. That was the gaudiest façade in a town that was grey and gritty. The old city walls had been razed, and China's capital was ringed with factories. The grey blocks of workers' housing had as many broken windows as whole ones. Big signs exhorted hordes of cyclists: *Go to work gladly and safely, Gladly toil, And return safely. Obey traffic regulations!*

Today traffic is largely motorized, and the remaining swarms of cyclists are roundly abused by angry taxi or bus drivers. Also by the owner-drivers and the chauffeurs of private cars. Though in theory limited to diplomats, private cars are also in the hands of the new rich. "A little tea money" can buy just about anything if the bribe is big enough.

Blue mirror is now the favorite facing for the tall buildings that seem to rise at the rate of ten a week. Even aside from the mirrored towers, all Beijing is a carnival of color. Shop signs are gleaming gold. Merchandising banners fly from shopfronts and from balloons amid the smog. The town is a riot of flashy advertising and splashy colored shopfronts, ranging from hospitals and pharmacies to tiny stalls selling food, Coca-Cola, fur coats, curios, and whatever else anyone may want.

Deprived for so long of the pleasure of dressing for fun, almost all women wear bright dresses or colorful blouses and skirts. Slacks are out, for they recall the trousered blue Mao suits that dampened spirits for so long. Women flaunt their figures in a most un-Chinese way, and every female over 13 has a bright red lipstick mouth. Men's clothing runs to shell suits in electric green, aniline blue, and blush purple.

"A bit gaudy, don't you think?" asked

Mr. Elegant's books include Pacific Destiny: Inside Asia Today.

a cultivated visitor from Hong Kong. "Beijing's one big honky-tonk now."

If the changes in Beijing are spectacular, Shanghai is all but incredible. The great trading and financial city that was virtually created by foreigners is now being recreated by Chinese—adroitly using foreign money and foreign skills. Shanghai is, once again, transforming itself into a sophisticated modern metropolis, different and a little apart from the rest of China.

Once the biggest commercial center in East Asia, Shanghai was initially treated very roughly by the Communists. As good country people, the conquerors were suspicious of all cities. They were particularly suspicious of this foreigners' haven, which was a paradise for adventurers and adventuresses.

All that is apparently now changed. President and Communist Party Chairman Jiang Zemin, a former mayor of Shanghai, has called on Shanghai technocrats to straighten out the entire country. Chief among them is Zhu Rongji, the economic czar of the central government.

Among his plans is restoring Shanghai as China's chief port and financial center—in unmistakable opposition to British Hong Kong, which becomes Chinese territory in less than two years. The reaction of the people of Hong Kong to the Tiananmen Massacre and their staunch support for the dissidents, (reaffirmed in a legislative election in mid-September), has convinced Beijing that it cannot count on Hong Kong. Shanghai is the chosen alternative. Having thrown out all foreigners in the first xenophobic flush of victory, the Communists are now trying to lure the same foreigners into reoccupying offices, clubs, and consulates that were variously turned into Communist Party headquarters, a seamen's haven, and a department store.

Shanghai is getting a vast overhaul. Someone reckoned, only half joking, that 40 per cent of all the world's construction cranes were operating there. In addition to the buildings being erected by joint ventures of Chinese and foreign firms, there are under construction a new water and sewage system, a network of elevated roads, and a subway system whose omnipresent symbol is a red circle split by a jagged bar. So far \$4 to \$5 billion has gone into that refurbishing.

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women in Asia? From sing-song girls to the pampered concubines of new millionaires, the Shanghai lady as always puts her wealth on her back.

Only Shanghai in today's China could support the *Maison Mode* in the fashionable former French Concession. The *Maison* deals only in designer goods, from Valentino to Dior, from Chanel to Gucci, from Bill Blass to Ungaro. Though most of those goods are made in China, they are the real thing. The rest of the world is happy to buy identical garments made in China for fifty to a hundred times their original cost.

MADE IN CHINA is now stamped on goods ranging from pots, pans, and dishes through toys, tools, and timepieces to calculators, disc-drives, radios, and television sets. Since the mid 1980s industrial production has risen by 30 to 50 per cent annually, fueled by constantly increasing exports. The gross national product has risen at a rate of 11 to 14 per cent; China has for a decade been the world's fastest-growing economy.

Inflation has risen even faster, occasionally reaching 30 to 40 per cent, though usually between 15 and 20. Beijing has managed to keep discontent under control, most drastically by bloody suppression. The students and workers in Tiananmen Square were demonstrating not only *for* democracy, but also *against* inflation. Today unhappy farmers riot regularly—and are put down by force.

Yet what can't you do with limitless cheap labor that is also, by and large, talented, industrious, and eager? The Chinese people are not threatened by invasion from abroad. They also have been, for the first time in a century and a half, untroubled for two whole decades by

gory civil war, rebellion, predatory war lords, or the turbulent Maoist "campaigns" that culminated in the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution.

Yet the present prosperity would not have occurred without the help of Chinese living abroad, as well as non-Chinese investors. They made the economic miracle possible by their generous contributions of capital and their purchase of Chinese manufactures, as well as their entrepreneurship and their skills, both managerial and technical. As was early-twentieth-century Shanghai, late-twentieth-century coastal China is in large part a foreign creation.

If all outside investment ceased tomorrow, China would be in grave difficulties. If her exports ceased or even declined sharply, she would suffer a massive depression—and the Communists would lose even titular power in a welter of bloodshed. That is one reason Beijing dreads war, although the Liberation Army forces civilian politicians to talk tough. Trade and development are in China's case incompatible with waging war, especially if the United States, her biggest customer, were involved, even passively, on the other side. The figures alone show why Taiwan will not be invaded by the Liberation Army, despite the fiery rhetoric and the clanking of tank treads in Beijing. Last year China's total trade amounted to \$237 billion with exports exceeding imports by a hair's-breadth \$5 billion. Without trade with America—which favors China by \$29 billion—that balance would be in deficit. And these figures would be overturned by war.

Bellicose thunders are inspired by the dictator's classic reason for finding abroad a threat or an injustice that must be set right: an urgent need to divert

popular attention from pressing political, social, and economic problems at home. Outrage is directed against the continuing failure of the people and government of the island of Taiwan to throw themselves into the arms of the Motherland, as Hong Kong has been hurled into those arms by Britain. After Hong Kong reverts, Taiwan will remain the only sacred Chinese soil over which the golden-starred red flag of the People's Republic does not fly.

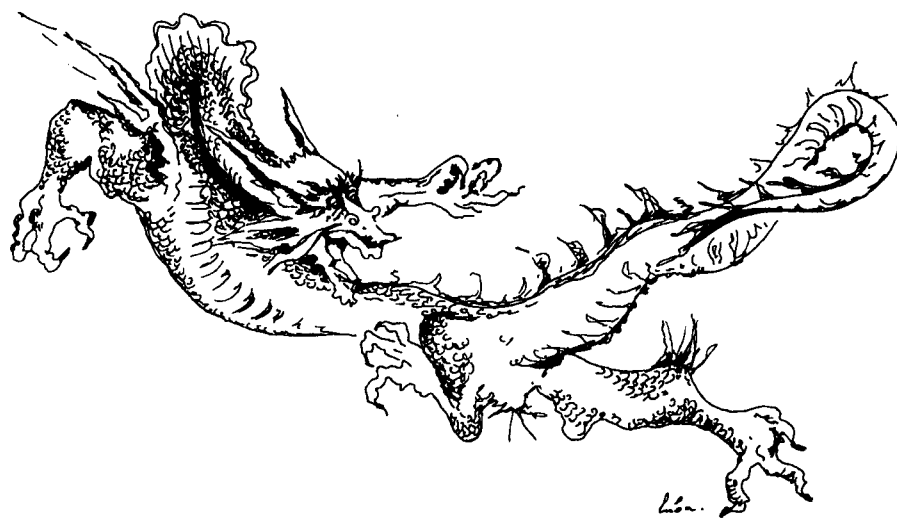
The current campaign of intimidation of Taiwan began when President Bill Clinton decided under popular and congressional pressure to allow President Lee Teng-hui to enter the U.S., not for a state visit, but to attend a reunion at Cornell, where he took his PhD. Despite Beijing's fulminating, President Jiang Zemin of the People's Republic would dearly love to make a state visit to the United States. That would really impress the Chinese people, who, as polls testify, believe the U.S. is the most important country in the world. But because of China's abuse of its citizens' natural rights, the president from Beijing has had to settle for a chat with the president from Washington when both attended a plenary session of the United Nations in New York.

Still, the directed press constantly reassures its readers that the public quarrels will not interfere with trade with the U.S. or with increasing American investment. Nor, for that matter, readers and viewers are told, will there be a diminution, much less a cessation, of the flow of capital from Taiwan, the biggest investor in Mainland China.

WHAT problems compel Beijing to adopt such a contorted posture?

Corruption: Announcement of an international conference on that universal affliction, to be held in Beijing, repeatedly drew the comment: "What better place to discuss corruption? The Communists are past masters!" The victims of the Tiananmen Square massacre were also protesting against official corruption, which thrives everywhere in China, as it has since the second century B.C. Some officials have been shot for soliciting Mercedes cars from foreign businessmen; the vice mayor of Beijing was dismissed for stealing some \$37 million.

The struggle for power: Even before the physical death of Paramount Leader Deng Xiaoping, the daggers are drawn.



Neither President Jiang Zemin nor Premier Lee Peng has commanded armies, written masterly ideological treatises, or executed a triumphant foreign-policy campaign. Neither has done great deeds. Therefore lacking the personal authority that made Deng Xiaoping dominant they must rely on the support of the generals, who are in return being given a refurbished, high-tech army, navy, and air force. Perceived as weak, despite the Tiananmen Square massacre, both Jiang and Lee must strive to appear strong and tough.

Economic difficulties behind the façade of growth: Abundant prosperity is still limited to the coastal regions; inland provinces are therefore resentful and restive. Yet all the provinces of China, however prosperous, are restive and self-assertive. Central rule based upon ideology and the threat of force is breaking down as economic power becomes the decisive factor.

The best hope of preserving the central power—and a centralized nation—lies in the Liberation Army, which is virtually the only nationwide entity now functioning efficiently. The Army is also the country's single largest entrepreneur, controlling ten thousand companies including hotels, airlines, restaurants, and foundries—largely for private profit. The Army's involvement in local commerce and local corruption is at odds with its tradition of obedience to the central Party. Regional loyalties and regional gain may, therefore, prevail. Officers of the Guangzhou (Canton) military district are in league with the criminal secret societies of nearby Hong Kong for their mutual profit.

Unemployment roils the countryside, despite the prosperous "rural and township factories," a euphemism for private enterprise. At every major railroad station one sees detachments of an army of rural unemployed that numbers between 100 and 150 million. They squat passively, waiting for labor brokers to pick them out and sell their services to contractors. They are glad of whatever they can get, a remarkable change from, say, seven years ago when freelance construction workers were a highly paid elite.

Equally dangerous is the predicament of state-owned industries, which are not merely inefficient, but incompetent. In any open system, more than half would already have gone bankrupt. But the dire social—and, of course, political—consequences of increasing the army of the

unemployed by tens of millions forces enormous wasteful subsidies.

Tradition and religion: Chinese intellectuals have since 1850 been shaking off the dead hand of Confucianism, the state ideology that had determined not only the nature of government but also most private actions for two millennia. Yet today neo-Confucianism is virtually the official ideology of a Communist Party that knows Marxism-Leninism and the Thought of Mao Zedong to be fraudulent.

Many Chinese are going back to beliefs like Taoism, Buddhism, and folk Confucianism, particularly in the countryside. But a surprising number in the cities are turning to Christianity, particularly to Catholicism, which offers certainties now glaringly absent from Chinese life.

The authorities have learned that they cannot suppress religion, but only attempt to manipulate it. Official estimates speak of four million Catholics in China today, a million more than there were in 1949, when the People's Republic came to power. Unofficial estimate set the figure at ten million. Since 1980, a thousand or so priests and bishops

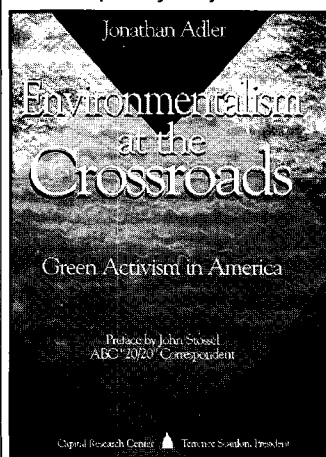
have been rehabilitated, many from jail, and returned to their parishes. One prominent bishop gets on well because a senior official in the Bureau of Religious Affairs was once his warden in a "re-education camp."

CHINA is changing rapidly. Yet the authoritarianism and the thought-control the Communists are being slowly forced to diminish both go back at least two thousand years. A dissident activist sent back to prison expresses his despair in words used by a first-century historian when he learned that he was to be castrated for his family's alleged treason. Everything changes in time, yet little changes over time.

Nonetheless, China will soon be a great power again. Her vast population, her great territory, and her rapidly expanding industry will see to that. If she splinters into autonomous regions, the façade of central government will still stand in Beijing—and the world will still have to reckon with an assertive China. And if central control is preserved by the military, Asia will have to reckon with a nationalistic and aggressive China. □

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LIKE a financial World War I, the short selling of the Japanese government bond market was consuming the best of a generation last year. Only the most courageous and intelligent were willing to stick to the fundamentals, go over the top of the trenches, and sell the JGB in the face of determined buying by the Bank of Japan and its allies.

Now, after the loss of hundreds of millions, the black crepe is being taken off the stricken homes in Locust Valley. The JGB short is finally heading decisively into the money. JGB March futures have stumbled down from just north of 122 in November to around 119 at the end of the first week of January. Investors are finally getting the idea that reflation of the Japanese economy through a pumped-up money supply may revive domestic spirits, but at the cost of depreciated currency and higher long-term interest rates. That would sound like a very ordinary, logical conclusion, but for some reason people have gotten the idea that the Japanese really have repealed the law of gravity.

"Just because they speak Japanese rather than some Latin dialect, the markets think that all is now right with their world," says Marshall Auerback, who trades Asian markets from London. "Keep in mind that the Japanese have accumulated deficits of Italianate proportions. They also have incurred years of loss of manufacturing power that will lead to a decline in their currency."

The Japanese also have a quirk in their fiscal system which exacerbates the effect of recessions on government finance. Their tax system is heavily based on corporate taxes, which are far more volatile than taxes linked to consumption. The country also has a serious demographic problem: the rapidly aging population is going to start to run down those famous national savings. All of which is bad for the bond.

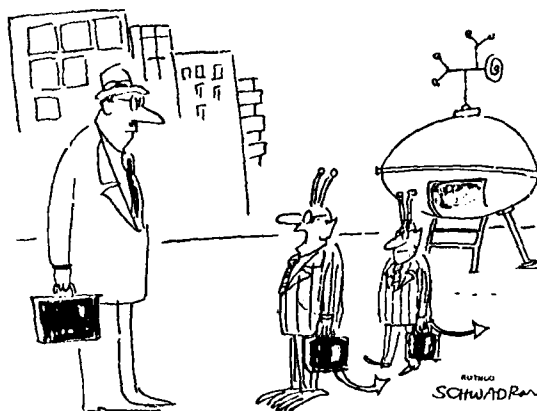
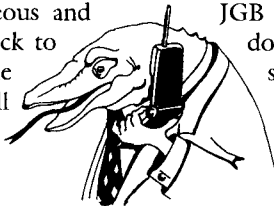
So while it didn't pay during

much of 1995 to bet against Japan, the odds look a lot better for 1996. The debate among the cognoscenti was over the better method to use—short the JGB or short the yen against the dollar. "The problem with shorting the JGB is that you will wind up losing about 5 per cent annually on the negative carry," as one of my smarter hedge-fund friends points out. "Much better to short the yen and put the proceeds into the dollar, which gives you a positive carry." Others argue that since the yen short is a more "crowded" trade than the JGB short, you're better off eating that 5 per cent.

But both sides agree the yen's heading down, Japanese interest rates up.

■ The first explanation of Japanese society I read as a schoolboy was Ruth Benedict's *The Sword and the Chrysanthemum*. Originally written to instruct American occupation forces, it explained the puzzling ways of their charges as the consequence of a culture based on shame, rather than guilt. Japanese, we were told, were motivated by their fear of being excluded by the group (shame), while Americans' behavior was controlled by an inner moral compass (guilt). A guilt culture, we were assured, was more advanced than a shame culture, as it made individual autonomy possible.

Stuart Schneiderman, a perceptive



"This need not be violent. We're here for a friendly takeover."

psychoanalyst, has just published a challenge to the Benedict thesis called *Saving Face: America, the Politics of Shame*. It is not often one finds a conservative psychoanalyst, and Stuart is a worthy ally in the struggle against the Nanny State. In his view, to simplify, there are elements of the guilt and the shame cultures interwoven through American society.

"Any Communist state-run enterprise depends on the guilt culture," says Schneiderman, "while the interactions of traders in the financial markets are based on shame, or pride, which are two sides of the same motivation."

A shame culture requires a sense of shared values and some homogeneity, which multiculturalism and "diversity" programs only undermine. Schneiderman believes that the U.S. is in a transition from a post-Vietnam ascendancy of the guilt culture to a post-Gulf War reassertion of the social power of shame. The 1994 elections were part of this. "But Gingrich and the other Republicans should behave more like winners, which they are," he says. "They should act with humility and magnanimity."

A very interesting book.

■ I spent part of the holidays in a place where there's neither guilt nor shame—Palm Beach. I've always enjoyed my visits there, though after a while a New Yorker feels like a 78 record being played at 33 $\frac{1}{3}$. My ex-New Yorker friends down there find that lotus eating palls after a while. So why do they stay?

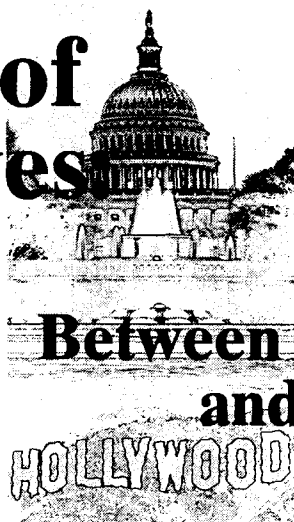
Taxes, of course. As a tax-refugee venture-capitalist says, "If I could afford to live in New York, they'd have another 10,000 jobs up there. But if they're going to play an extortion racket with me, I'm not going back."

So my tax-exile friends carry around calendars to make sure that they don't accidentally spend more than 179 days a year in The City. They avoid doing too much business with New York firms, lest the state tax authorities decide they're actually residents. And they trade horror stories about fellow exiles whose dreaded "indices" of residence put them in the hands of the Empire State's fisc.

Governor Pataki should pay attention. If New York's legislature ever went along with a radical cut in the size of the state government, you'd see a mass return of rich, bored big-spenders. —JOHN DIZARD

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Mental illness is not a lifestyle; it is a disease that can lead to homelessness, violence, and death. But it can often be treated—especially when the law isn't in the way.

RAEL JEAN ISAAC & D. J. JAFFE

WHEN a bundled-up middle-aged homeless woman named Yetta Adams was found dead at a bus stop opposite the Department of Housing and Urban Development in November 1994, it was front-page news in papers from coast to coast. In the stories Miss Adams was cast as a victim of the nation's callous housing policies—a martyr to affluent America's indifference to the homeless. In the hours after her body was carted away, HUD Secretary Henry Cisneros held a press conference to propose raising spending on homeless programs from \$823 million to \$1.5 billion a year.

But as James Glassman pointed out in *Forbes Media Critic*, Yetta Adams did not die from lack of housing. She died from lack of treatment. She suffered from schizophrenia, a neurobiological disorder so profound that people who suffer from it—even as they talk back to voices only they can hear—often fail to recognize they are ill and therefore reject treatment. As a result, Miss Adams bounced from shelter to hospital to shelter. In her disorientation she forgot to take the insulin she needed for her diabetes—and there was no way for social workers, judges, or family members to force her to take the medicine that would have kept her alive. At bottom, she was a victim of laws that make it impossible to treat brain-disordered individuals against their will without proof that they are dangerous to themselves or others—at which point they may be dead.

While Cisneros was lamenting Yetta Adams's fate, federally funded lawyers were working to make sure there would be many more victims like her. In each state Congress funds Protection and Advocacy programs (P&As)

whose mandate is to prevent abuse and neglect of individuals with mental illness. But many are staffed by civil-libertarian lawyers and radical ex-patients who view schizophrenia as an alternative lifestyle and consider treatments that alleviate it a form of abuse. These people are caught in a time warp, impervious to the scientific consensus that major mental illnesses, notably schizophrenia, manic-depressive psychosis, and clinical depression, are brain diseases—and, like other diseases, they *can* be treated.

During the last two decades there has been a revolution in the neurosciences which has produced new ways of studying the brain through neuro-imaging techniques like MRI (magnetic resonance imaging), CT (computerized tomography), and PET (positron emission tomography). Particularly important are ongoing studies, conducted by the National Institute of Mental Health's Neurosciences Center, of identical twins only one of whom has schizophrenia. (In a high proportion of cases, if one identical twin has schizophrenia, the other is also afflicted, pointing to a strong genetic component in the disease.) MRI scans show striking

differences between the sick and well twins, among them larger ventricles in those with schizophrenia (implying that missing tissue has been replaced by cerebrospinal fluid), wider cortical sulci, spaces in the foldings at the surface of the cortex (suggesting atrophy or failure of brain cells to develop), and reduction in the size of the left temporal lobe and the front part of the hippocampus.

As researcher Dr. Fuller Torrey puts it: "Based on studies of gross pathology, neurochemistry, cerebral blood flow, and metabolism, as well as electrical, neurological, and neuropsychological measures, schizophrenia has been clearly established to be a brain disease just as surely as multiple sclerosis, Parkinson's disease, and Alzheimer's disease are established as real brain diseases."



Mrs. Isaac is co-author (with Virginia Armat) of Madness in the Streets: How Psychiatry and the Law Abandoned the Mentally Ill. Mr. Jaffe, an advertising executive, is on the board of the National Alliance for the Mentally Ill.

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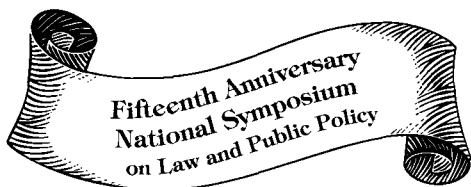
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Unfortunately, our laws and public policy are founded not on this scientific consensus but on destructive ideas—from the Left and the Right—that became fashionable in the militantly anti-institutional climate of the 1960s. British psychiatrist Ronald Laing, a countercultural guru, popularized the notion of schizophrenia as analogous to an LSD trip, a “voyage of discovery” leading to higher forms of perception and “a natural way of healing our own appalling state of alienation called normality.” From the libertarian Right came Dr. Thomas Szasz, who disposed of mental illness by verbal sleight of hand. “Mental illnesses do not exist; indeed they cannot exist, because the mind is not a bodily part or bodily organ.”

A number of sociological studies—Erving Goffman’s *Asylums* was the most famous—supported these notions by falsely suggesting that the symptoms of mental illness were to a large extent produced by institutions that were meant to cure it. They suggested that mental patients needed lawyers, not doctors. And in the late 1960s and early 1970s, a group of public-interest lawyers created an informal mental-health bar. Bruce Ennis, widely regarded as the father of that bar, spoke candidly of his target. “My personal goal is either to abolish involuntary commitment or to set up so many procedural roadblocks and hurdles that it will be difficult, if not impossible, for the state to commit people against their will.”

TO BE fair to Szasz and those he inspired, in the 1960s the mental-health system badly needed reform. Vaguely worded commitment laws lent themselves to abuse. Huge numbers of people were warehoused for life in understaffed and badly run state hospitals. State budgets were overwhelmed by the expense, and legislators were looking for a way out.

Unfortunately, instead of rational reform, the way out turned out to be wholesale patient-dumping. California led the way with the revolutionary Lanterman–Petris–Short Act of 1967, which set an arbitrary maximum of 17 days that a patient could be held involuntarily (or up to 90 days if he continued to be “dangerous”). There were no medical grounds to justify these time limits; there had been no pilot program; no one had any idea how the law would work. Yet the California legislature passed the LPS Act unanimously. Fiscal conservatives and civil libertarians made an unbeatable combination, holding out the prospect of saving money by doing good.

Other states followed suit. Part of the strategy of the mental-health bar in the 1970s was to sue to force expensive improvements in state hospitals in the correct expectation that state governments would close them down or radically reduce their size rather than meet court-imposed standards. In 1974, an attorney in a “Mental Health Project” established by a federally funded legal-services program at Mississippi State Hospital boasted of cutting the population there by a third in a single year.

By 1990, state-hospital beds were down to 98,000, roughly a sixth of what they had been forty years earlier. The number of psychiatric beds in general hospitals increased in this period, but in both cases there was no way to keep people who needed treatment inside.

All too many of these people spiral downward to the streets, where they learn to abuse drugs and alcohol. Judy Pritchett, former clinical director for Project Reachout in New York City, says: “Every day we are seeing more and more people with addictions to crack cocaine, alcohol, and other substances. It’s a dramatic increase. And the presence of these problems makes it harder and harder to reach these people.”

Increasingly, jails have become society’s institution of choice for people with brain diseases. A recent study sponsored by the National Alliance for the Mentally Ill and Public Citizen found that 7.2 per cent of the jail population has a mental illness. Put another way, every day more than 30,000 individuals are serving time in jail, most for misdemeanors directly stemming from their illness. Fuller Torrey, the study’s lead author, says: “The police have their hands tied by the dangerousness standard, so they are undertaking ‘mercy bookings,’ charging individuals with small crimes just to get them into jail and treatment. Unfortunately in many cases they are victimized in jail by the regular inmates and get no treatment.”

On the street, the untreated may become truly dangerous, especially when they abuse drugs. While old studies are still quoted that claim mentally ill people are less violent than the general population, they were conducted at a time when the most seriously ill were in hospitals. John Monahan of the University of Virginia Law School writes: “The data that have recently become available, fairly read, suggest the one conclusion I did not want to reach . . . Mental disorder may be a robust and significant risk factor for the occurrence of violence.”

The widespread notion that the primary cause of homelessness is lack of housing prompted Alice Baum and Donald Birnes, outreach workers to the homeless in Washington, D.C., to write a book called *A Nation in Denial*. They point out that somewhere between 65 and 85 per cent of the homeless population suffers from chronic alcoholism, drug addiction, severe psychiatric disorders, or a combination of the three. Most researchers agree, they write, “that at least one-third of the homeless suffer from severe and persistent chronic psychiatric disorders such as schizophrenia and manic depression; the proportion may be as high as one-half.”



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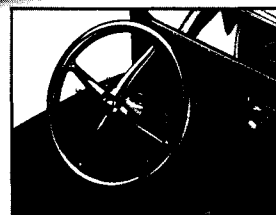
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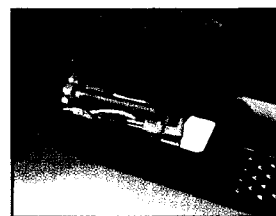
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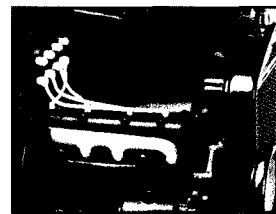
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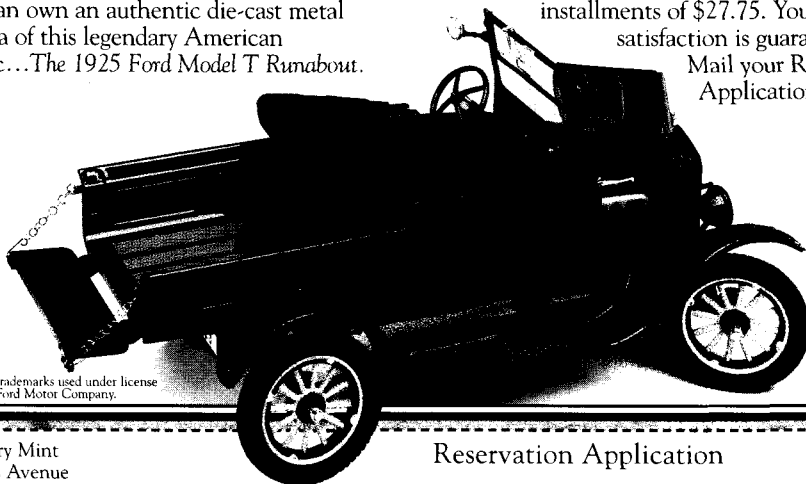
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But the denial is starting to break down. A number of states have changed their commitment laws, supplementing the usual standard requiring the patient to be dangerous or "gravely disabled" with a "need for treatment" standard, which permits treatment if the person has a severe mental disorder that will predictably result in his deterioration and lacks the capacity to make informed decisions on treatment as a result of his illness. However, this does *not* mean a return to the bad old days when mental illness was vaguely defined and patients could be confined in mental hospitals indefinitely. Today's existing strict procedural safeguards—including the patient's right to an attorney, prompt judicial hearings, and periodic

'One-third of the homeless suffer from psychiatric disorders such as schizophrenia and manic depression; the proportion may be as high as one-half.'

judicial review—remain in place, ensuring that no one is heedlessly abandoned to a hospital's back wards.

Efforts to reform the law typically start with statewide family/patient groups, many of them affiliated with the National Alliance for the Mentally Ill, in Arlington, Virginia. One of those leading the effort to change the law in California is Carla Jacobs, whose mentally ill sister-in-law Victoria Jacobs Madeira dressed her 11-year-old son in girl's clothes, drove with him seventy miles to her parents' home, and stabbed and shot to death her 78-year-old mother. The family had repeatedly sought to have Mrs. Madeira, who lived in a parking lot with her son and rummaged through dumpsters for food, committed for treatment, but mental-health authorities ruled she was not dangerous.

Civil-libertarian lawyers have successfully opposed reform efforts in many states, but reformers may be gaining a new ally in the judiciary. In September 1994, Justice Salvador Collazo of the New York State Supreme Court ruled that the family of John Winter—a 77-year-old usher at St. Patrick's Cathedral, who had been bludgeoned to death by Jorge Delgado, a mentally ill man—could sue Bellevue Hospital, which had repeatedly treated and released Delgado. Judge Collazo acknowledged that he was flying in the face of established case law. Nonetheless, he ruled: "The cyclical pattern exemplified here of admittance—drug treatment—release—psychosis—readmittance—drug treatment—release, etc., although widely accepted as the modern approach to rehabilitating mentally ill persons, is unreasonable, since released mental patients (without medication and/or supervision) do violence to themselves and to others. Unsupervised and unmedicated, Mr. Delgado was a tragedy waiting to happen."

A particularly important innovation is outpatient commitment. Most patients do not need long-term institutional care. The problem is that many of those who respond to medications stop taking them once they are out of the hospital, and relapse. Requiring these people to take medication as a condition for remaining in the community is the obvious answer.

All states (New York was the last holdout) now make outpatient commitment possible. However, a problem with these programs has been the absence of legal means for enforcement. The judge orders a patient to take medication, but if he subsequently refuses, he can be compelled to do so only if he meets the commitment standard—in most states, that he be a danger to himself or others. But this defeats the whole purpose of outpatient commitment, which is to prevent the individual from deteriorating to that point.

Dane County, Wisconsin, has developed a program called "limited guardianship" for patients who cycled in and out of hospitals. An outpatient court-ordered to take medication can be put in the hospital if he fails to comply. David LeCount, Mental Health Coordinator for Dane County, says that this program, in combination with other forms of outreach, cut the number of days patients spent in hospitals by 75 per cent over three years.

There is a precedent for forced treatment in the community: TB patients. Dr. Torrey observes: "For an individual with tuberculosis and schizophrenia, in some states the individual may be involuntarily treated for the tuberculosis but not for the schizophrenia."

UNFORTUNATELY, many of the states which have need-for-treatment standards in practice continue to insist on dangerousness for commitment—because those who implement these new laws fear they are unconstitutional. But are they? The mental-health bar has argued that only the dangerousness standard is constitutional, generally citing a 1975 decision, *O'Connor v. Donaldson*. But Donaldson, who sued to be released from Florida State Hospital, was a well-functioning individual with a high degree of motivation, persistence, and intelligence. There were repeated offers, both from a halfway house and a friend of Donaldson's, to provide a home and supervision for him. Paul Stavis, legal counsel to the Commission on Quality of Care for the State of New York, says that the mental-health bar misreads the *Donaldson* decision. Says Stavis: "In its decision, the Supreme Court specifically spoke of someone who could 'live safely in freedom.' The Justices weren't thinking of malnourished individuals lost in delusions lying on park benches in their own waste. I believe a well-crafted need-for-treatment standard would be judged constitutional by this Supreme Court."

Let us hope he is right. Such a rational system will improve life for those who suffer from mental illness, not perpetuate their degradation as we do at present.

Herschel Hardin was director of the British Columbia Civil Liberties Association for nine years. But having a son with schizophrenia, he learned that it was a grotesque distortion to justify abandoning people to the ravages of this disease in the name of civil liberties. Today Hardin says: "The opposition to involuntary committal and treatment betrays a profound misunderstanding of the principle of civil liberties. Medication can free victims from their illness—free them from the Bastille of their psychoses—and restore their dignity, their free will, and the meaningful exercise of their liberties." Exactly. □

NR West



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Gender Flap

MICHAEL LYNCH & KATHERINE POST

WOMEN—particularly those living in California—should brace themselves. They are about to become the targets of a well-financed public-relations blitz. Opponents of the California Civil Rights Initiative (CCRI), which would outlaw public-sector racial and gender preferences, know that to steer their golden cow to safe pastures, they must convince women they are victims of a sexist society. And they are desperate. The most recent Field Poll found that 58 per cent of Californians support CCRI, compared to only 33 per cent opposed. A majority of women, 53 per cent, support the initiative as well.

Hoping to chip away at these numbers, more than fifty representatives from feminist and civil-rights groups reeled in a giant red herring at a press conference on December 12, claiming that one of CCRI's seven sentences would legalize gender discrimination. Preschool girls chanted "Give girls a chance, girls are strong too," while their elders (and should-be-wisers) insisted that CCRI will "legalize gender-based apartheid."

The clause at issue, Section C, reflects both current state and federal law, stating that CCRI will not outlaw

"bona fide qualifications based on sex which are reasonable and necessary . . ." This modest provision has been interpreted narrowly by the courts, and protects such things as all-women sports teams. (Without it, for instance, men cut from male athletic programs could invade and dominate women's programs.) If Section C wasn't in the initiative, the same groups would have protested its absence.

WHILE this red herring was perhaps little more than a one-day news story, CCRI opponents have stockpiled an arsenal of tortured statistics and half-truths to bolster claims of job discrimination against women. These were gathered together in a booklet released last May by the California branch of the National Organization for Women. Entitled *Guide to Women and Affirmative Action*, it portrays women as victims of pervasive sexism in the work place. The two main charges have by now become familiar: the wage gap and the glass ceiling.

In 1959, protesters wore "59 Cent" buttons to decry the fact that women made, on average, 59 cents for every dollar earned by men. Today the National Committee on Pay Equity pegs women's take at 72 cents. NOW's *Guide* proclaims that "women earn less than men with a range from 60 cents on the dollar to a high of 89 cents on the dollar."

These numbers sound dramatic. But as evidence of gender discrimination they are worthless. They are sound bites that have nothing to do with the reality of women's lives. In a nutshell, they suffer from what economist Thomas Sowell has called the "residual fallacy"—the belief that at some level of delineation—e.g., education level—all other variables are constant or identical across the groups of study.

Consider the much-touted fact that at every level of educational degree attained, men receive higher wages than women. In 1994, women with bachelor's degrees earned 76 cents, and those with doctoral degrees 85 cents, on the male dollar. But to infer discrimination from this would be to assume that, among other things, educational field is constant across gender lines. This assumption is egregiously false and leads to unjust conclusions about the American economy.

In 1990, men held 91 per cent of all engineering degrees—a field in which the average monthly pay for bachelor's degree holders was \$3,508—while women held 72 per cent of all degrees in education, a field in which the average bachelor's degree holder earned \$1,882 per month. Men hold the preponderance of degrees in such relatively high-paying fields as business, mathematics, and physical and earth sciences, while women dominate degrees in the lower-paying fields of English and journalism, liberal arts and humanities, nursing, pharmacy, and health technologies.

Women should not despair at this. Choosing a field of

(Continues on page West-4)

WEST WORLD

■ The California Dole for President campaign has received bad news. Pete Wilson refuses to withdraw his endorsement.

■ Antiwar radical and long-time fugitive Katherine Ann Power pleaded guilty to manslaughter a few years ago, for her role in a 1970 bank robbery in which a policeman was killed. She is incarcerated in Portland and prohibited by the terms of her sentence from writing for profit about her crime or her years on the lam. So she's writing a cookbook, having taught vegetarian cooking, under her assumed name, while she was underground. Rumor has it the working title is *Our Lady of the Flour: Amerikan Recipes*.

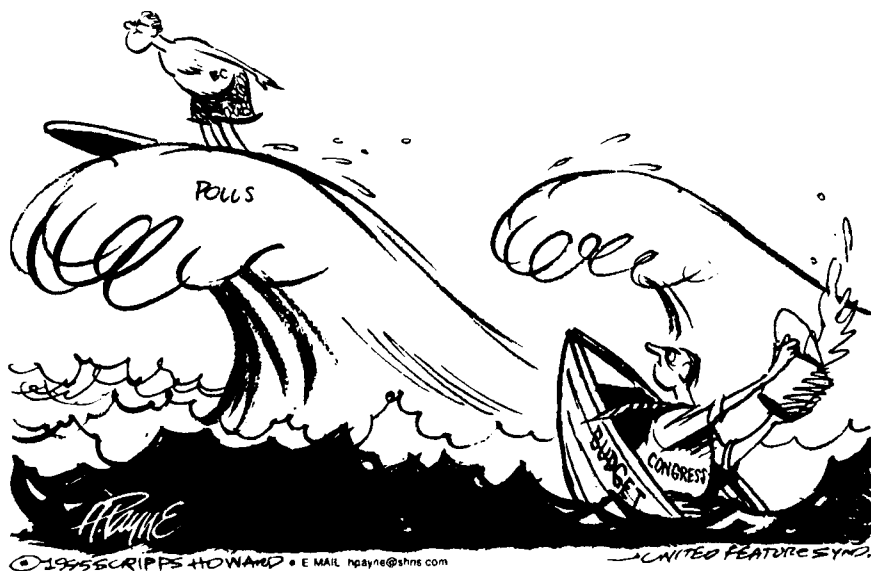
■ It's a new year, but liberals are always around to remind us, perversely, of the permanent things. In 1993, responding compassionately to reports of drowning toddlers, California's Democratic legislature passed a law requiring warning labels on five-gallon plastic buckets made in the state. Specifically, each bucket was to have two labels, one in Spanish and one in English, warning of the danger of drowning. In addition, each label had to carry a cartoon depiction of a child with its head in the bucket, crossed by the internationally recognized red slash. Well, Rob Hurtt, a recently elected California State Senator, knows something about buckets. His father was in the bucket making business, and Hurtt has been running that business for twenty years. He points to this law as typical of what he has gone to Sacramento to change. Infants can't read the warning, he points out, drawing upon what in these times must be regarded as astonishing insight. Nor are they likely to be abreast of the latest international symbology. In fact, the pictures will probably give them an idea that otherwise may not have occurred to them—the idea of sticking their heads in a bucket of water. "People die of all kinds of accidents all the time," says Hurtt. "You can't fix everything with laws from Sacramento." (Amen.) To add insult to injury, the labels add six per cent to the production costs of buckets. Some Democrats in Sacramento, swept along by the recent wave of Republican victories, recently agreed to amend the law: The state now requires only one label per bucket. This reveals the magnitude of the task still before us.

But if Democrats in Sacramento are properly worried about their own extinction, they had better post some vivid labels in appropriate places and get their heads out of their . . . buckets.

■ Geraldo Rivera has announced that he will be giving up his trashy daytime talk show in 1998 in order to move into a field he believes is more respectable—network news. He wants to be an anchorman and "one of the wise men at the end of the century." Maybe he meant wise *guy*. Either that or he was speaking Socratically. Probably the former.

■ *NR West* contributing editor Edward Erler recently testified before a joint committee in the House of Representatives in support of the Citizenship Reform Act. This bill, sponsored by Rep. Brian Bilbray (R., San Diego) and co-sponsored by more than forty House members, would deny birth right citizenship to the children of illegal aliens. It is Erler's contention that Congress is authorized under Section 5 of the Fourteenth Amendment to define those who are "subject to the jurisdiction" of the United States. Congress has, in fact, exercised this power in the case of Indians. It was universally agreed by the framers and ratifiers of the amendment that Indians would not be "subject to the jurisdiction" of the U.S. because, although they were born within the geographical limits of the U.S., they owed political allegiance to their tribes. Congress, in various pieces of legislation, brought Indian tribes within the jurisdiction of the U.S. and, in 1924, extended jurisdiction to cover all Native Americans. It is well within the delegated power of Congress to exclude the children of illegal aliens from the jurisdiction of the U.S. The idea for this legislation originated in Erler's *NR West* article published in April 1994.

■ The Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals, which presently covers the majority of the West, is the most liberal



of the eleven federal circuits. Now Senators Conrad Burns of Montana and Slade Gordon of Washington are sponsoring a bill to divide the Ninth Circuit, creating a new Twelfth Circuit encompassing Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana, and Alaska. This is the fourth attempt in recent years to split the Ninth, and stands a better chance with a Republican majority in Congress. An association of local governments in Arizona and New Mexico have resolved to urge their state's congressmen and senators to support this bill, with the proviso that the new Twelfth Circuit be expanded to include them. In any case, even if this legislation passes, many Americans will be left behind under the jurisdiction of the Ninth Circuit. The fact that it currently has four vacancies to be filled serves as an added reminder of the importance of electing conservatives across the board later this year.

■ Unknown to most Americans, Congress in 1990 passed the Native American Graves and Repatriation Act. The first phase just kicked in: museums that receive federal funds had to turn over to the National Park Service an inventory of all Indian bones in their possession. In a few months they will be turning those lists over to various Indian tribes. At that point the problem becomes how to pay for transportation and reburial of the bones by tribes that decide to reclaim them. It has been estimated that Congress appropriated only 1 per cent of the money this law will cost museums. Indians too are hurting: a federal grant for \$7,500 to the Nebraska Pawnee paid for only one of three mass reburials. Some ceremonies can be quite expensive by taking multiple days and involving elaborate feasts. In short, this may be the Great White Mother of all unfunded mandates.

■ Early in December, L.A. City Councilman Nate Holden escaped the second sexual harassment case in a year brought against him by former employees. But before the smoke could clear, photos surfaced of Holden and his aides on an official trip to Pusan, Korea, in 1991, being entertained at a karaoke party by table dancers in panties. At first Holden reacted by playing the diversity card: "That's the way they do business there. . . . I don't see any problem with their customs and culture. It's all wholesome as far as I'm concerned." Translation: If you're offended by these pictures you're ethnocentric or worse. The politically correct *Los Angeles Times* actually investigated this possibility, but found it wasn't so: a former U.S. Ambassador to Korea assured them that "in scores of official dinners, he saw people get drunk enough to fall down but never was confronted by a woman wearing nothing but underwear." Local Koreans accused Holden—whose council district includes Koreatown—of dishonoring their culture. The story became that of a widening gap between the city's blacks and Koreans (Holden is black). Holden then wisely took a new tack.

Or maybe not so wisely. "What the young woman did in that club was far less than is done in some parades in Los Angeles," he explained, adding later: "She's not completely stripped—you can go anywhere in Hollywood and see more than this." Spoken like a pro. So the feminists stepped up to the plate: "This is not about race. This is not about ethnicity. This is a gender issue," one bragged. Will the councilman now fall back on his own victim status and go on the offensive? Or will he shut up while he's behind? We suggest the latter. Be Holden to no one, Nate!

■ The Laotian Hmong who have settled in the Fresno-Stockton-Merced area of Central California had few defenders last month when a Hmong shaman pleaded no contest to felony animal cruelty. He had bought a three-month-old German Shepherd puppy and beat it to death on his front porch as a way to try to cure his sick wife. Chia Thai Moua insisted he had clubbed the dog as a last resort, having already tried burning paper money and slaughtering both a chicken and a pig, to no avail. But local opinion was unmoved. Moua's attorney tried to defend him on grounds of religious freedom, but that line of argument was thrown out by the county judge hearing the case—a ruling that will be appealed. Meanwhile the larger community will continue struggling to define the limits of the melting pot. Says one Fresno hospital spokesman: "One [Hmong] family wanted to bring in a live chicken [for curative purposes] and we facilitated that. But we don't do dead animals." Sounds like a sensible enough start.

■ Child SHARE—a private organization devoted to rescuing abandoned and neglected children and placing them in foster homes—gave its 1995 Guardian Angel Award to Los Angeles philanthropist Henry Salvatori. Born in Italy in 1901 to a retail grocer who immigrated to America in 1903, Salvatori went on to found Western Geophysical Company and was largely responsible in the 1960s for persuading Ronald Reagan to enter politics. Claremont Institute President Larry Arnn's tribute at the award dinner read in part: "It has often been remarked that Henry Salvatori has lived the American dream. But his true achievement lies not in what he achieved as an extraordinary entrepreneur, but in what he contributed to 'the American century' through his actions as a citizen and a patriot. Henry Salvatori loves America for its principles and its goodness, and America has great cause to love him for the same reasons."

■ San Francisco reopened the street it bills as the "World's Crookedest" after five months and \$1.2 million of repairs. San Franciscans elected Willie Brown Mayor. And he bought a crooked cat, which caught a crooked mouse, and they all lived together in a crooked little house.

study is a personal, not a social choice. Furthermore, these figures are cumulative, and in recent years women have been increasing their presence in professional and other high-paying fields. In 1993, for example, women earned 36 per cent of the MBAs granted, an

increase of more than 50 per cent over their 22 per cent share of MBAs in 1980. They have experienced similar increases in law and medicine.

Differences in educational field are not the only variables relevant to wages. Consider marriage, which, as Sowell has noted, increases men's participation in the labor force while decreasing women's. And labor-force participation

affects such wage-determining factors as continuous years in the workforce and seniority. A 1984 U.S. Census study found that while only 1.6 per cent of a man's work years were spent away from work, women take off 14.7 per cent. This eight-fold difference prompted the Department of Labor to conclude that women "are unable to build the seniority that men achieve." According to a

FIFTEEN MINUTES WITH ELOISE ANDERSON

Abolishing Welfare

ELOISE Anderson has become the most controversial figure in America's welfare-reform debate. Why? Because Anderson, who runs California's welfare system, went on *60 Minutes* a few weeks back and called for the "complete abolition of welfare." And Americans listened.

According to *60 Minutes*, Anderson's 15-minute segment "generated more mail than any story in the history of the show." In the first week alone, CBS received a record 330 letters, only three of which were negative. Anderson's critics, who call her heartless, are baffled by this response. But there is no secret to it: she makes good sense.

"You are perfectly capable of taking care of yourself . . . We don't think you're helpless . . . incompetent . . . stupid. We think you're just like us," Anderson told a group of welfare recipients assembled for the show. That simple message of self-reliance and self-confidence—"taking care of yourself"—doesn't seem heartless or even wildly innovative to most Americans. But to welfare recipients, who for years have been treated like mindless children instead of capable adults, it is as unfamiliar as the dignity the welfare state has taken from them.

Anderson's most controversial proposal is to end welfare cash payments known as Aid to Families with Dependent Children. "AFDC traps people in poverty and breaks their self-reliant spirit." Consider how the program works for a 15-year-old girl: as long as she doesn't get married, doesn't work, and doesn't take responsibility for herself or her children, the government

will provide her with free money, free food, and a free apartment.

"Welfare is better than a husband," according to Anderson, "because it pays better than being married to a man with a low income. Welfare pushes men away from women and their children." A new study by the Cato Institute shows that a welfare mother with two children living in California receives an equivalent income of \$11.50 an hour—270 per cent more than she can earn with a minimum-wage job. Why should she work or get married?

The most insidious effect of AFDC has been illegitimacy. By automatically increasing cash payments to women who bear additional children out of wedlock, AFDC has funded—at taxpayers' expense—a social catastrophe. About 40 per cent of children in California go to sleep in homes in which their fathers do not live. And according to the U.S. Department of Health, these children are "five times as likely to live in poverty, compared to children living with both parents." Anderson understands that she cannot address child poverty in California without addressing its most powerful determinant: fatherlessness.

Anderson's plan, which she intends to push through California's legislature with Governor Wilson's support, is to eventually cut off all cash payments to able-bodied adults, except in "crisis" situations such as domestic violence and medical emergencies. She would retain food-stamp and child-care programs. But she expects welfare recipients to get jobs—even those who have never worked before. "What about people who find it too hard to work?" CBS's Lesley Stahl asked her during the *60 Minutes* interview. "I don't understand

'finding it too hard to work,'" Anderson replied.

Anderson understands poverty and hard work. Born to a poor family in a poor neighborhood, she once had to rely on food stamps to feed her own children after her husband abandoned them. But she refused to take cash assistance. Instead she got a job pumping gas. That is why she is particularly troubled by recipients who refuse to take low-paying jobs—the type of jobs where so many Americans have learned the basic skills of showing up on time, being pleasant to customers and respectful to the boss, and persevering to get the job done.

"Will you not concede," Stahl asked her, "that you have a large number of unemployable people who are on welfare?"

"No," Anderson replied. She told Stahl that plenty of low-paying jobs exist, but most recipients refuse to take them.

"But we're talking about sweeping floors?" Stahl asked.

"That's employable."

DURING the interview, Stahl insinuated that Anderson, a middle-aged black woman, was being manipulated or used by conservatives because of her race. Stahl told Anderson that she "had heard" that "if you were not African American, that you could not get away with what you're saying." Anderson rejected the notion: "I don't believe that."

"If a man is called to be a street sweeper, he should sweep streets as well as Michelangelo painted. . . . He should sweep streets so well that all the hosts of heaven and earth will pause to say, here lived a great street sweeper who did his job well." The man who spoke these eloquent words—Martin Luther King, Jr.—would surely subscribe to Eloise Anderson's traditional American morality and take offense at Stahl's liberal elitism.

—TOM LOWE

Mr. Lowe is director of communications at the Claremont Institute.

1990 National Bureau of Economic Research working paper, "ten years of job seniority raises the wage of the typical worker by over 25 per cent."

WOMEN'S decisions about marriage and children also help explain their concentration in different fields than men. Although never acknowledged by feminists and civil-rights bureaucrats, since many women plan to interrupt their careers at some point to raise their children, it is perfectly reasonable for them to concentrate in fields where the impact of a break will be minimal. Teachers, editors, and historians are able to return to work after a significant break without a steep learning curve, whereas engineers, physicists, and tax attorneys would lose ground on their fields' latest developments.

What about the metaphorical glass ceiling? Crystallized in the assertion that women constitute only 5 per cent of senior management in Fortune 500 companies, this argument for affirmative action is a close relative of the wage-gap argument and suffers from many of the same defects. Its principal defect, however, is the refusal of its advocates to quantify the qualified labor pool.

The assumed female pool for these plum jobs—the roughly 50 percent of the population made up of women—is clearly not the true pool, given what we have seen above regarding educational fields. The typical senior manager has an MBA and 25 years work experience. Until we know what per cent of those so qualified are women, the 5 per cent figure is irrelevant. Meanwhile, it is interesting to note that in 1993, women represented 46 per cent of the nation's labor force and held 43 per cent of all management jobs, according to the U.S. Bureau of Labor Statistics.

The message of the glass-ceiling crowd—that women are frittering away their talents on the bottom rungs of the corporate ladder—is false. Women are increasingly responsible for maintaining America's entrepreneurial spirit: according to a recent Dunn and Bradstreet report, women own 7.7 million businesses which employ 15.5 million

Americans—35 per cent more people than are employed by Fortune 500 companies worldwide.

Defenders of affirmative action are desperate to dip their buckets into a well of female discontent. But if truth prevails, their buckets will come up empty. Shrill indictments of a sexist society won't resonate with women who recognize the choices they have had and

made in pursuing happiness. After all, by the logic of NOW's statistics, women are better off if their husbands are demoted, decreasing the supposed gap in their earnings.

To women in the real world, the desperate case for preferences being made by anti-CCRI forces should be recognized for what it is—the Pickett's charge of the gender wars. □

DEVELOPMENT FEES AND SIMPLE JUSTICE

Fighting City Hall

SIGFREDO A. CABRERA

INCREASED demand for public services and strained local budgets are leading city and county officials across the U.S. to rely more and more on "development" fees imposed on private property owners to fund general operations. The constitutional limits of this practice are the primary focus in a case now before the California Supreme Court.

Ehrlich v. City of Culver City, argued on December 6 with a decision expected by March, is the first major "regulatory takings" case California's Supreme Court has heard in over 15 years. Private landowner Richard Ehrlich is challenging the constitutionality of fees imposed on him as conditions for his receiving a permit to build a housing project. For major developers, such fees have become an expected cost of doing business. But for smaller landowners like Ehrlich, they represent a debilitating drain on capital.

The fees being challenged in *Ehrlich* were supposedly levied to offset the impacts of Ehrlich's proposed development on the community. The problem in this and numerous other cases is that the government's demands of fees are not directly tied to or measured against the burdens which would be caused by the development. As a result, individual property owners end up providing disproportionate local government funding—funding which in fairness should be shared by the public at large.

In other words, a proposed project might create a need for schools, roads, sidewalks, curbs, gutters, or storm drains, or impose additional demands on water mains and sewage treatment facilities. A city may justifiably condition granting a permit for such a project on a fee being paid to cover the improvements needed to support or serve it. But if the project does not create public burdens or needs, the demand for a development fee is unjustified.

In Ehrlich's case, for several years he operated a private tennis club on his property, but was unable to make a financial success of it. In 1988 he closed the facility, donated most of the movable equipment to the city, and proposed a townhouse condominium project. The City Council approved the proposal on the condition that Ehrlich pay \$280,000 to build replacement tennis courts and \$33,220 to be used for public art.

THESE fees were upheld in a state Court of Appeal decision. But this decision was remanded by the U.S. Supreme Court, with instructions for the Court of Appeal to reconsider it in light of last June's Supreme Court ruling in *Dolan v. City of Tigard*. That ruling invalidated a condition by the City of Tigard, Oregon, that a landowner give 10 per cent of her property for public use in exchange for a permit to expand her plumbing-supply

Mr. Lynch and Miss Post are public policy fellows of the Pacific Research Institute and co-authors of a recent study entitled "Free Markets, Free Choices: Women in the Workforce."

store. Such conditions are justified, said the high court, only if local officials can show a reasonable nexus between the conditions and the impact to be caused by the development. And the extent of the conditions and of the impact must be "roughly proportional" with one another.

James S. Burling, a Pacific Legal Foundation lawyer representing Ehrlich, argued that the fees imposed by Culver City were "just as unconstitutional as the demand for property in the Dolan case." But the Court of Appeal chose to ignore the implications of the U.S. Supreme Court's remand order and affirmed its earlier decision against Ehrlich.

The use of development fees to finance public programs that are unrelated—or only marginally related—to burdens or needs associated with proposed developments, are in effect a fraudulent means of forcing private individuals to underwrite social policy. Of course, it is a very attractive means of raising money for government officials who would rather do business "off

budget" and without accountability. For instance, the cost of fees on new housing will eventually be passed on to new homeowners. These costs—say they go for tennis courts or for public art—are as good as a tax to the homeowner, but better than a tax to local officials, whose role in raising the money is shrouded from public view.

This isn't a new issue. Tuolumne County, California, is representative of

many local governments: new residential and industrial developers are forced to bear a disproportionate share of the costs of local government via fees which are unrelated to the impact of new development. Tuolumne's fees were upheld by a state appellate court in *Michael Q. Jones, Inc. v. Tuolumne County*. Since the California and U.S. Supreme Courts declined to review that decision, the Ehrlich case now represents the best hope for ending these unfair and harmful practices.

Seven years ago, Supreme Court Justice Antonin Scalia warned in the 1987 landmark case, *Nollan v. California Coastal Commission*, that a state can leverage its authority to the point where a land-use regulation becomes an "out-and-out plan of extortion." Ehrlich's tenacity in fighting Culver City Hall—refusing to cave in and pay this extortion—is commendable. All of us have a stake in his success. □



"Do you seriously expect this court to believe you don't recall?"

Mr. Cabrera is director of communications at the Pacific Legal Foundation.

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Celebrity!

MICHAEL LEVINE

ONCE upon a time Americans became famous by working hard and beating the odds. Those who misbehaved or committed crimes—famous or not—were shunned by the community and quarantined by the media. But as we near the end of the 20th century, the opposite is increasingly true. Wrongdoers receive endless media attention, book and movie deals, and lucrative business opportunities. The line between fame and infamy is a blur.

People who excel at villainy, however, aren't necessarily adept at milking their misdeeds for their full value. That's where the professional publicist comes in. A top-notch press agent can make the difference between becoming a Trivial Pursuit answer and a living legend. Not to mention between wealth and poverty.

As a publicist myself, I thought it would be an interesting New Year's exercise to concoct the following free suggestions for how to capitalize on some big-time recent miscues by well-known Westerners:

O. J. Simpson. The Juice will soon be in need of money. When his civil trial ends, I would put him on the county-fair circuit and late-night television hawking the O.J. Knife Set. Twice as sharp as Ginsus. Be among the first hundred buyers and receive the knives in a sealed brown paper envelope. Order the special gold-plated set and get a free, limited-edition Alibis Collectors' Plate, picturing O.J. chipping golf balls, sleeping through the alarm, chatting on his cell phone, and performing other nonviolent activities simultaneously.

Menendez Brothers. As they weep and wend themselves through their second trial, Eric and Lyle are poster boys

for the dysfunctional family of the '90s. I would try to set them up in a socially conscious TV series, combining the better elements of, say, *Quincy, M.E.* and *The Simpsons*. On the talk-show circuit they would preach the doctrine of confronting life's problems head-on. In a line of self-help videos aimed at Generation Xers they would teach the principles of crisis resolution.

Charles Manson. For a guy going on thirty years in the state pen, Charlie took a big step forward in 1995, recording and releasing his first compact disc. Manson's self-composed poems and songs didn't qualify as rap, though, so I think the Swastika on his forehead has to go. Once on parole, I'd put him on a plane and set it to crash into a cliff at 600 mph. (It's the only conceivable way to combine publicity and sympathy in Charlie's case. He's no Eric Menendez.) The cliff could be renamed Charlie's Rock. Small pieces could be packaged and sold at department stores, and perhaps a large chunk could be displayed at the future Clinton Library in Little Rock—sure to be a nostalgic shrine to the idealistic '60s—much as a section of the Berlin Wall is displayed at the Reagan Library in Simi Valley.

Heidi Fleiss. The Hollywood Madam has spent so much time with Charlie Sheen that America almost knows them as a couple. I see them as the next Hope and Crosby, doing a series of Road pictures: *Road to Bordello*, *Road to Sing Sing*, etc. Sheen will go along—he's gotta need the money! My ultimate goal for Heidi would be a full professorship at Stanford U. Women's Studies anyone?

Rodney King. Why should Betty Ford have a monopoly on curing the rich and famous? After all, when it comes to hands-on experience with the evolving character of modern celebrity, she's a piker next to The Motorist. I would establish a chain of Drive-in

Substance Abuse Clinics—complete with speed bumps, of course. Rodney will be brilliant, even if not original, as the company spokesman: "I'm not only the president; I'm a client."

Hugh Grant. Here's a movie star with godlike looks and talent who brilliantly displayed his down-to-earth humanity, getting tens of millions of dollars worth of publicity along the way—all for a meager \$60 investment. This guy ought to have my job. Short of that, I would put him in an infomercial selling his unique, one-step system of self-promotion. Then a few weeks working with Mother Teresa couldn't hurt—as long as Hugh is carefully chaperoned around New Delhi (a good publicist will work hard to keep his client from overexposing himself).

Act II of Cole Porter's 1930s musical, "Anything Goes," opens with a song by the passengers of a cruise ship, celebrating the fact that America's most-wanted criminal is aboard: "So Public Enemy Number One, Thank thee for everything thou hast done. Blessings on thee, thou noble chap, for putting this boat of ours on the map." Chances are a younger audience today wouldn't get the joke. Is this post-modernism? □

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Mr. Levine is a prominent entertainment publicist in Beverly Hills and author most recently of *Lessons at the Halfway Point* (Ten Speed Press).

Nixon and Bosnia

'THE lesson of Vietnam is that a great nation must keep its promises." We did not hear this from President Clinton last month when he announced and explained the deployment of American troops in Bosnia. Too bad.

The Bosnia debate, like many U.S. foreign-policy debates in the last twenty years, has been impoverished by a persistent confusion among Americans about the fall of Saigon in 1975. Recent confusers-in-chief are Ted Turner, Oliver Stone, and, playing the accustomed role of his own worst enemy, Bill Clinton.

After the signing of the Paris Peace Accords in January 1973, the U.S. abrogated its pledges to uphold them. Two Watergate-weakened Presidents, Nixon and Ford, lacked the political capital to use air power against Communist aggressors, and Congress slashed aid to our allies in Saigon while lavish Soviet support for Hanoi continued. As a result, the people of South Vietnam suffered two decades of brutal tyranny and grinding poverty.

Despite this, it is an article of faith among countless Americans that Saigon could not have been sustained. Because of Watergate, we can never know for sure. But among the evidence we have is the fact that Richard Nixon was willing to spend massive political capital when he launched the bombing raids in North Vietnam in December 1972, which brought the Communists back to the bargaining table. It is reasonable to think that, absent Watergate, he would have deployed air power again to punish Hanoi's violations of the peace agreement. He held no one in higher esteem than those who served and died in Vietnam and their families, and he would not have wanted their heroism to be squandered.

Mr. Taylor, executive director of the Richard Nixon Library and Birthplace Foundation in Yorba Linda, California, served as aide to the former president for ten years.

In Bosnia, as in Vietnam previously, the U.S. has played the lead role in bringing warring parties to the bargaining table. And the peace agreement reached last year in Dayton is far more fragile than that achieved in 1973 in Paris. But President Clinton believes the Dayton agreement can be sustained if the U.S. keeps its promise to commit its own forces to the region.

Consider the incredible irony: As a younger man, Bill Clinton disagreed with the Vietnam policy of three Presidents and six Congresses. And as a presidential candidate he justified his youthful opposition by saying that Vietnam had been a civil war. That Bosnia is the quintessential civil war—much more so than Vietnam—is virtually beyond dispute. Yet President Clinton is the moving force behind U.S. military involvement there.

To what should we attribute Clinton's commitment of troops to Bosnia in the wake of the Dayton peace deal? Not to hypocrisy, but maturity. His decision took political courage, as did Senator Dole's qualified support for it. But again, what was mystifying about the President's address to the nation on Bosnia is that he did not take the opportunity to lay his and the nation's Vietnam ghosts to rest. By acknowledging that an exhausted America had broken its promises and delivered Saigon to

its conquerors—and that in retrospect he realizes that it would have been better to keep our promises—he would have made a sturdier case for the Bosnia mission.

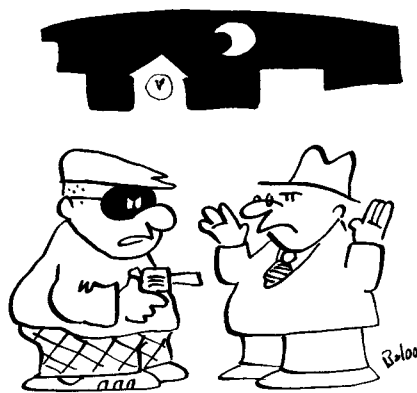
In hewing implicitly to the myth that the fall of Saigon was inevitable, Bill Clinton gets a big assist from Hollywood, by way of two recent counter-revisionist propaganda films—Oliver Stone's *Nixon* and Turner Network Television's *Kissinger and Nixon*. Stone's long and dull polemic, roundly condemned by historian Stephen B. Ambrose and other respectable scholars and commentators, ties Nixon, ridiculously, to the Kennedy assassination, and paints the Vietnam War as a long dark night of the American soul. The Turner project, which aired in early December, sought to mislead Americans on the events leading up to the Paris Peace Accords.

TURNER'S boozy Nixon was the foolish concoction of a screenwriter who gave in to the same malicious urges of which Nixon's critics liked to accuse him. Stone's portrait is more dangerous. It sacrifices the most cherished conceits of the generation of privileged Americans identified with the 1960s—a generation now growing dramatically in political and economic power—who believed that our actions in Vietnam were immoral and who acted in various ways on that belief. In this sense, Stone's *Nixon* seeks to provide the generational validation that Bill Clinton's most passionate supporters hoped his election would. That validation requires the un-validation of Nixon, and even more of the peace Nixon built—the honorable and defensible peace—in Vietnam.

With American troops now hunkered down in the bitter cold of Bosnia, the Stone-Turner-Clinton mythological account of Vietnam may prove to be malignant indeed. If we begin to suffer casualties in Bosnia, will Americans lose heart? Wouldn't it help them stay the course to remember that, if we had done so in 1973-75, South Vietnam would likely be free and prosperous today? And that 58,000 of our most precious young people of that era might not have died for nothing?

How can we avoid repeating our mistakes if celebrated filmmakers—and politicians—prevent us from remembering what they were?

—JOHN H. TAYLOR



"Don't get all huffy, mister—I'm innocent until proven guilty you know!"

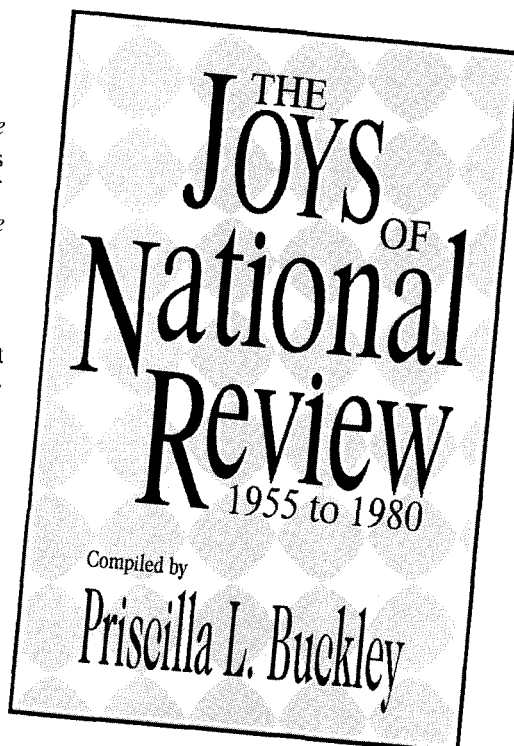
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Rich and Spoiler

Steve Forbes's optimistic message is resonating with voters. But does Forbes really have a chance?

RICH LOWRY

STEVE Forbes's campaign manager, Bill Dal Col, volunteers an answer to a question a reporter asks of his candidate: What has Forbes learned about campaigning since launching his long-shot presidential bid? "That at least you're pretty good at it," says Dal Col, smiling, glancing admiringly at his boss. Forbes, making a late-December campaign swing through Iowa, is tucked into the back of a chartered jet in awkward proximity with two reporters and two members of his campaign staff, trying to steal glances at the day's *Wall Street Journal*. He laughs at the boastful comment with an almost boyish embarrassment, then gestures Dal Col's way with a typically laconic rejoinder: "Spinmeister, here."

If the cliché of 1990s politics is that "anything can happen," this is anything: a diffident multi-millionaire magazine publisher with no elective experience, no knack for small-talk or back-slapping, seemingly no traditional political skills at all, rocking the race for the Republican presidential nomination. Thanks to a TV advertising blitz that has already cost an estimated \$12 million and made him a minor celebrity among blue-haired old ladies in places like Sioux City, Iowa, Forbes is running second in polls in Iowa and New Hampshire and is first, according to one recent survey, in Arizona. He may be the candidate of the "air war," but Forbes threatens to cause major disruption on the ground—for the candidates still

looking to get a clean shot at Bob Dole, and even for the front-runner himself.

The Forbes campaign is 1980s supply-side faith given a 1990s torque. Its roots are in the collapse of the supply-side message within a GOP that has made Ross Perot's obsession with the deficit its own; in the slow political deterioration of supply-side champion Jack Kemp, who has failed to stay at the cutting edge of the party; and in the search of supply-side guru Jude Wanniski, among others, for a presidential candidate to fill the resulting message and leadership vacuums. But the campaign also owes a debt to Perot populism—in its anti-Washington, pro-term-limit rhetoric—and, oddly enough, to the hard-ball political tactics of Sen.

Jesse Helms. So, at the same time Forbes runs on Reagan optimism, he flirts with an opportunistic, "outsider" populism at odds with the idea-driven rationale for his candidacy.

Steve Forbes, of course, enjoys a head-start in name ID. His grandfather, B. C. Forbes, began *Forbes* magazine in 1917 as a feisty chronicle of the "doers and doings" of American business. When his son Malcolm took over in 1964, he embarked on a frenetic campaign of promotion of the magazine—as a "capitalist tool"—and of himself that swelled the magazine's circulation and profit margins. By the 1970s, Malcolm was the world-conquering capitalist, famous for his collection of Fabergé eggs, his motorcycling, and extravagant parties. Steve joined the magazine shortly after graduation from Princeton. He started as a reporter, worked his way up through the ranks and already had a large hand in running *Forbes* by the time of his father's death in 1990.

Steve's first full-contact political experience was as chairman of the Board of International Broadcasting, which oversaw Radio Free Europe and Radio Liberty, in the Reagan and Bush Administrations. By all accounts he was an able BIB chairman, engaged on the substantive questions before him and tenacious in protecting the interests of the "radios" on Capitol Hill. In 1993, along with then-Wall Street economist Larry Kudlow, Forbes developed the 30 per cent, across-the-board tax cut proposal that became the centerpiece of his friend Christy Todd Whitman's successful New Jersey gubernatorial campaign. Around the same time, Forbes became



Mr. Lowry is NR's national political reporter.

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The ribbon clerks were plunging.
 The flappers bought like mad.
 The bulls were in the saddle and
 The Dow ran like the shad.
 Sir Isaac was suspended,
 Or, anyway, on hold.
 Next year it awe faw down go boom
 When I was five years old.

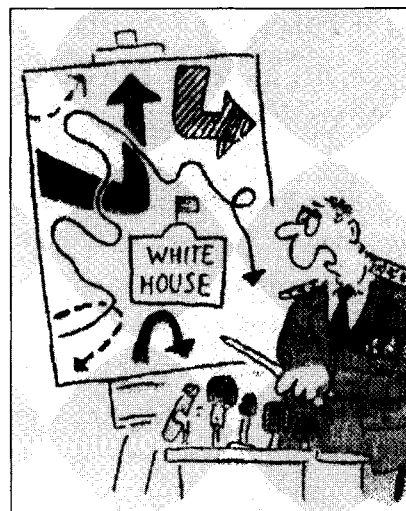
W. H. VON DREELE



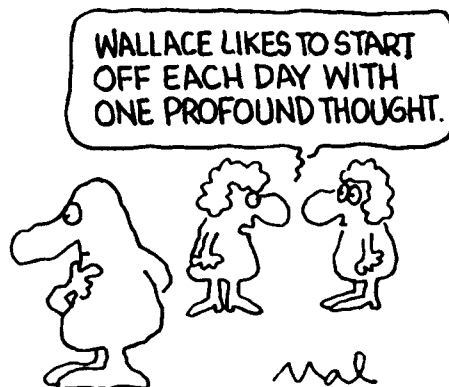
"A table near an exit, please."



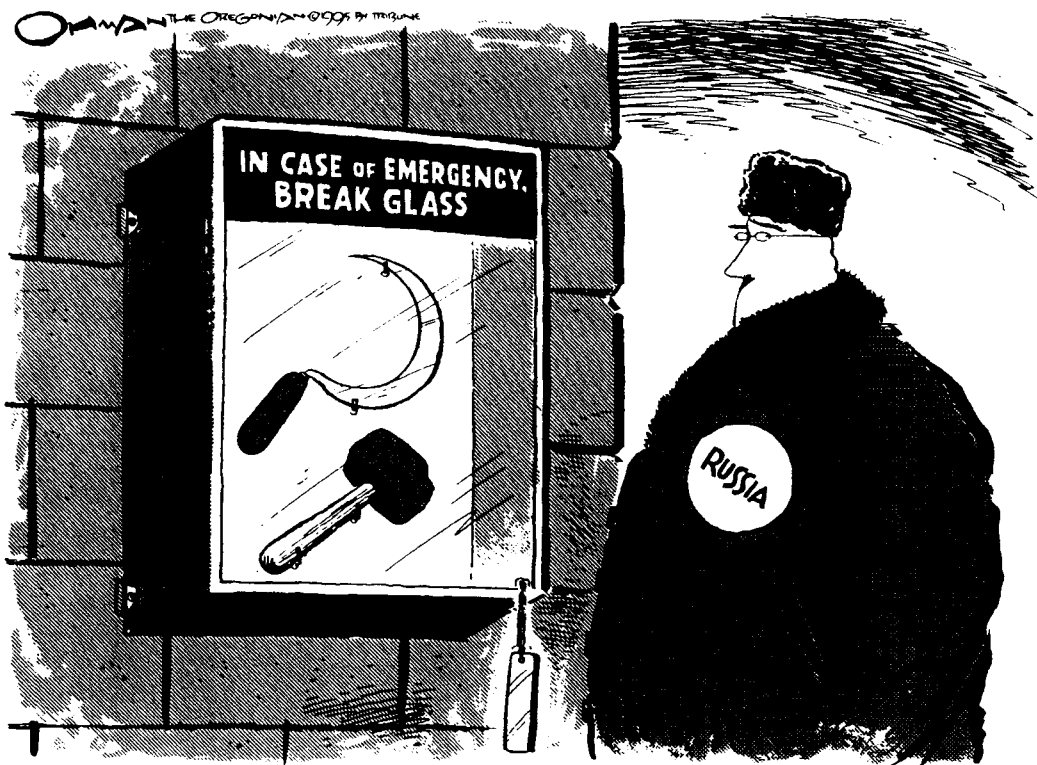
"The adventure continues."



"And this is how Colin Powell didn't run for president."



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chairman of the board of the listless Jack Kemp/Bill Bennett organization, Empower America.

Part of Empower's trouble was that it was perceived as a mere holding pen for Kemp until he ran in 1996. As 1995 progressed, it became clear that Kemp wouldn't be running, and supply-siders began looking for another horse to back. Jude Wanniski, the brilliant if eccentric supply-side guru, had been engaged in an unlikely dalliance with Bob Dole that he abruptly cut off in early March. Within days he was faxing Forbes (one of a number of Wanniski's unlikely presidential possibilities, including first-term Utah Senator Bob Bennett) a several-thousand-word memo on why he should run. "Several hours later," recalls Wanniski, "the phone rang and it was Steve. And he said, 'Wow, this memo knocked me out.'" Forbes would soon decide that there was a growth, supply-side vacuum in the race, and that he was the man to fill it.

THE SHY Forbes appears the unlikeliest of politicians. At a late-December meet-and-greet at a restaurant in Council Bluffs, Iowa, Forbes stood away from the doors, his hands awkwardly at his sides, as dozens of locals filed in for a chicken sandwich and stump speech. With those voters who ventured over to him he shook hands in his distinctive style—arm out stiffly, head bowed as if he's looking at his interlocutor's Adam's apple. Standing three feet from him it's impossible to hear Forbes's words, he's so soft-spoken, except for the occasional, "Oh, goodness!" But he laughs often, tucking in his chin like a Citadel cadet, grinning wide with all his teeth. With his thick eyeglasses and soft manner, the impression is of Clark Kent, pulled from his desk at the *Daily Planet*, forced to do public relations.

The Forbes stump speech can be just as awkward. He delivers it from memory, but in the same halting cadences as if it were being read. Despite it all, Forbes elicits warm reactions from crowds, who not only like his themes but take a shine to his naked genuineness. The speech has almost no applause lines except his prescription for the current tax code: "Scrap it, kill it, drive a stake through its heart, bury it, and hope it never rises again." But at a restau-

rant in Sioux City, jammed with two hundred Iowans one recent Friday night, people clapped almost every time Forbes stopped to take a breath, even after he called for a radical overhaul of Social Security.

The key to the Forbes campaign is that it has a split personality; the good-willed awkwardness of Forbes the person is combined with the relentless ferocity of Forbes the campaign ad. Free from the state-by-state spending restraints that limit other candidates, Forbes has blanketed Iowa, Arizona, and New Hampshire with his spots. Some are biographical, others pegged to the flat tax, still others ruthlessly critical of his opponents, especially Bob Dole. One attacked Dole for delaying a term-limits vote in the Senate, neglecting to mention that Dole did so at the behest of term-limits supporters. A shameless cheap shot. The latest are cut from the same cloth, hitting Dole for supporting the construction of the Senate subway and funding for an Idaho ski project—minutiae pulled from larger bills with no particular connection to Dole.

The ads are almost certainly the fruit of Forbes's early decision to make a battle-tested group of North Carolina operatives, instead of Jude Wanniski, central to his campaign. Explains one insider: "Jude basically tried to bring in John Sears to resurrect the old Reagan campaign of '79 and early '80, this time with Jude as the Svengali of policy. And Forbes wouldn't have any of it—thankfully." Forbes turned instead to the tag team that ran Jesse Helms's campaigns until a bitter recent split with the sena-

tor, Carter Wrenn (who is on the Forbes payroll) and Tom Ellis (who is an informal "kibitzer"). The hallmark of the two are media-intense, hard-hitting, through-the-roof-expensive campaigns. In the deep-pocketed Forbes, says one North Carolina insider, "they got the dream candidate."

The chief issue they will help Forbes sell is, of course, the flat tax. Under his plan, personal exemptions would keep a family of four that makes up to \$36,000 a year from paying any taxes at all. All income after that would be taxed at a 17 per cent rate. There would be no deductions and no tax on interest, dividends, or capital gains—just on labor income. The benefits from rationalizing the system, reducing marginal rates, and eliminating the double taxation of savings and investment would be considerable. And, sure enough, part of the Forbes sales pitch is pure Jack Kemp optimism, a paean to economic forces unleashed. But Forbes also talks, like Pat Buchanan, of families sweating it out on the "treadmill." And there are whiffs of another flat-taxer, maverick Democrat Jerry Brown, in his attacks on the current code as "the principal source of political corruption in Washington."

It makes for a potent mix. But, upon closer examination, the politics get trickier. The dirty secret of the flat tax is that it threatens to raise taxes on the middle class, drop lower-income people off the rolls, lower the tax burden on upper-income taxpayers, and exclude capital income, disproportionately enjoyed by the rich, from taxation entirely and someone, i.e., the middle class, will

have to pick up the slack (and give up their home-mortgage deductions to boot). It's a deadly political shortcoming. Forbes tries to avoid it by promising a flat tax that is a tax cut. His 17 per cent rate would, by his campaign's estimate, lose \$40 billion its first year (by some estimates it would lose as much \$200 billion). Forbes dismisses these figures because he argues that lower tax rates will lead to greater growth and, hence, more revenues.

But again politics intrude. After a grueling year-long fight, are Republicans really ready to say all their Congressional Budget Office economic assumptions are irrelevant and the "glide-path" to the balanced budget of secondary importance? Perhaps they should



"The good news is that lawyers are lining up to represent you."

be. But the deficit has become a crucial political proxy for shrinking the size of government. Without it, making the case for getting "savings" from entitlement programs like Medicare or paring back discretionary spending becomes that much more difficult. Forbes gives no indication of having the stomach for the fight. On the stump he offers up one specific agency for total elimination: the Federal Communications Commission. Forbes exudes the naïve 1980s supply-side faith that it's not the size of government per se but marginal tax rates that pose the biggest threat to the economy and to the culture.

Indeed, for Forbes the flat tax is more than an economic elixir. It stands in for most of the rest of his policy. "Contrary to what some people would have you believe," he says on the stump, "in America there really is no difference between values and economics. They are one and the same." Forbes then evokes thrift, hard work, trust, etc.—and within limits he has a point. But it's not always clear he



"You can depend on me, Reverend . . .
As long as it's tax deductible."

knows the limits. In his announcement speech Forbes promised that the flat tax and his other economic *idée fixe*, the gold standard, would lead to "a renaissance the like of which has never been

seen before. Families would step off the tax treadmill; wage earners could relax a little, save more easily; parents would have more time to spend with their children and each other; they would have more time to devote to where it belongs—to the home and hearth, where all true value lies."

For this vision, "optimistic" is not the word. It is tinged with a kind of economic determinism and a faith in human nature that offends against the deepest wellsprings of traditional conservatism. In the world of Steve Forbes, entrepreneurs busily advance their ambitions in a kind of perfect social harmony, responding to the positive incentives of a free economy. Harold Johnson of the *Orange County Register* refers to it as "possibility thinking," the sunniness popularized by Californians like Kemp and supply-side pioneer Arthur Laffer. Traditionally conservatism takes a darker view of the human potential for vice and folly, and prescribes a certain amount of negative incentive, whether through social

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ostracism or the force of law, to keep it in check. It is this element that is missing from the Forbes world-view and is reflected, on the concrete level, in his unease with parts of the Republican social agenda.

Take abortion. On *Roe v. Wade*—bad law, whatever you think of abortion—Forbes takes the essentially pro-choice dodge that it can't be overturned absent a shift in public opinion. Pro-lifers in his camp hold out hope of moving him rightward on the issue; he recently denounced partial-birth abortion in his "Fact and Comment" column in *Forbes* and characterizes his position as "not pro-choice." But as of now his position limits his appeal among the social-conservative base of the GOP necessary for any serious challenge to Dole.

The other social issues present a similar problem. The social agenda provides the "wedge issues"—crime, welfare, immigration—that allow conservative candidates to appeal to Reagan Democrats. Forbes clearly isn't comfortable talking about them. On immigration, he parts ways with an employee, *Forbes* senior editor and immigration restrictionist Peter Brimelow. "I prefer Julian Simon on that issue," says Forbes. He has warned of the more hard-edged GOP welfare proposals that "The American people will not tolerate cutting off benefits for children." Forbes tries to make up for his soft social edge with anti-Washington rhetoric; instead of talking about welfare, he runs ads on the Senate subway.

And he has had some success with this tack. Rather than picking up the traditional pro-growth voters (wealthier, better educated), Forbes, according to New Hampshire surveys by the Polling Company, is making inroads among men making less than \$40,000 a year and independent voters. The populist appeal of the flat tax and his anti-Washington rhetoric, as well as his indisputable status as an "outsider," account for this seeming anomaly. Meanwhile, in lower taxes and economic growth, Forbes has picked up on an appealing theme inexplicably dropped by the other candidates. All this combined with piles of money—at least \$25 million—makes the campaign's strategy plausible, if not likely. The idea is to finish respectably in Iowa and New Hampshire, then become a real contender by knocking Dole off somewhere else, perhaps the early primary state of Arizona, where Forbes is spending a mint.

An alternative scenario is not so happy. Forbes is vulnerable to just the sort of cheap populist attacks he himself has been launching. (If the Forbes campaign thinks the Senate subway makes a good image for extravagance, it should just wait till some opponent latches onto the *Highlander* or *Capitalist Tool*.) Some of Forbes's advantage dissipates as soon as it becomes clear that the other candidates have already endorsed the principles (if not every politically unpalatable detail) of the flat tax. And Forbes's late jump in organizing will inevitably hurt when it comes time to

turn out actual voters, especially in the Iowa caucuses.

All these obstacles suggest that the upper limit for Forbes may be the role of spoiler. He splits the conservative vote three ways with Gramm and Buchanan, and blocks Alexander's emergence as an "outsider" alternative to Dole, while perhaps never quite becoming viable himself. Jude Wanniski, always the supply-side optimist, once wrote that "Insofar elections are honestly conducted, *they always turn out right*." His candidate is about to sorely test the theory. □

New Year's Resolutions

NR asked ten conservative organizations for proposals that are simple, are widely supported, and would yield great political dividends. Here is their wish list.

Cato Institute

THE withholding tax was introduced in 1943 as part of the war effort. Legislators spoke openly of taxes that needed to be "pried out of the taxpayers." One senator cheered withholding as a way to "get the greatest amount of money with the least amount of squawks." It has worked all too well.

Withholding was of dubious constitutionality during a period of crisis, such as war, but during peacetime it is clearly an excessive power of government. There are two objectionable features of the withholding tax. First, it allows government to lay first claim on our earnings. Only after Uncle Sam has taken his share of our wages (often over 25 per cent) for the care and feeding of the federal enterprise are we able to keep the rest for presumably lower-priority spending, including the care and feeding of our own family.

Second, withholding is the ultimate hidden tax. People often don't miss what they don't see. Many Americans even regard the refund check they get from excessive withholding as a gift from government. Income taxes should be paid monthly, or at the end of the year, by the earner writing a check to the IRS. This would allow Americans to

calculate on a regular basis whether they are getting their money's worth from government. —STEPHEN MOORE

U.S. English, Inc.

THE U.S. Congress and individual states should adopt legislation making English the official language of government, so that government business must be conducted in English, with common-sense exceptions for services related to health and safety. This includes public documents, as well as hearings, ceremonies, and public meetings.

According to 1990 Census figures, there are 323 different languages spoken in the United States today, with a significant climb over the decades in the percentage of Americans who don't speak English. It is imperative that government send the message to newcomers that they must learn English to succeed in this country. Instead, in a bewildering display of irrationality, the U.S. Government makes it possible to vote, file a tax return, get married, obtain a driver's license, and become a U.S. citizen in many languages. Along with those services goes the unspoken message that English is unnecessary because the government will provide services in other languages. Yet without English, immigrants are reduced to a life of low-skilled, low-paying jobs, never realizing the American dream of economic opportunity.

Polls show that 86 per cent of Amer-

ican voters and 81 per cent of immigrants support legislation to make English the official language of government. This year, Congress must vote to pass HR-123/S-356, legislation that in one simple step will celebrate English as our common bond, streamline government, and empower immigrants.

—MAURO MUJICA

Capital Research Center

CONGRESS has become bogged down in its efforts to eliminate illegal tax-funded politics. I recommend, therefore, that it start small by enacting a bill to defund one of the most egregious examples of the illegal use of tax funds for partisan politics—the National Council of Senior Citizens.

NCSC is not a “senior citizens” group but a union front. It was founded in 1961 by the Democratic National Committee; every one of its presidents has come from the union movement; its PAC gave \$183,799 to exclusively Democratic candidates during the 1992–93 election cycle; it spends almost all its resources promoting the AFL–CIO’s political agenda; and the organization received 96 per cent of its budget in 1993 (\$72,910,930) from the Federal Government, mostly from the U.S. Department of Labor. In 1993 its Senate ratings gave Howard Metzenbaum a perfect score of 100, while Bob Dole and Phil Gramm received 0. “If you listen regularly to Russ [sic] Limbaugh,” NCSC’s August 1994 newsletter declared, then “you’ll probably be uncomfortable” with the NCSC.

If Congress cannot defund such an egregious, illegal, and unconstitutional misuse of tax dollars, then we need to elect a new one that will.

—THOMAS J. DiLORENZO

Family Research Council

I OPPOSE a national curriculum, but I can envision one worthwhile exception. Amend the next incarnation of the Elementary and Secondary Education Act to include the following: “As a condition of receipt of funds provided for under this Act, each school district in the United States shall give assurance to the Department of Education that its schoolchildren begin each day with the reading of a passage from the Declaration of Independence.”

This requirement avoids constitutional problems, because, while the Declaration mentions the Creator, it is not religious expression per se. Moreover, a reading is not a recitation. Absent such a daily reminder, American schoolchildren will continue to succumb to the Circe’s song that has seduced so many of their elders: that their rights and benefits issue from the hand of Bill Clinton and/or congressional appropriators.

Daily contact with this nation’s thematic origins will remind the young that our blessings do not flow from those who sign the checks, but from those who signed over their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor, to the birthing of a new Republic.

Above all, of course, our blessings

bear the signature of the Author of liberty mentioned in the first sentence of the Declaration—the *original* Contract with America.

—GARY BAUER

Federation for American Immigration Reform

CONGRESS should enact a simple proposal that puts some bite into the law discouraging illegal immigration: Bar anyone who willfully violates our immigration laws from ever being re-admitted in future years. The problem with immigration law now is that there is no incentive to comply. If someone does not show up for a hearing, officials simply say, “No problem,



Where Can Man Find Happiness?

400 years before the birth of Christ, Callicles, a character in Plato’s *Gorgias*, says that the happy life is found in satisfying our desire for pleasure and power.

Writing more than 1700 years later, St. Thomas Aquinas, the greatest theologian of his—and perhaps any—era, contended that perfect happiness consists in the vision of God.

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we'll just reschedule." Engage in marriage fraud, file a false application for citizenship, or get a job using phony documents, and there is no serious penalty or consequence to suffer.

Enough already! Congress needs to tie future immigration benefits to an alien's willingness to comply with American law. No one should be rewarded for flagrant violations of our immigration code. Simply said, if you don't obey immigration laws, you should not get a green card. Not for ten years. Not ever.

—DAN STEIN

Americans for Tax Reform

CHRIS Cox (R., Calif.) and Jon Kyl (R., Ariz.) have introduced legislation to completely abolish the tax on America's life savings—the inheritance tax. This tax raises only \$15 billion each year, or 1 per cent of federal revenues, but it consumes 8 per cent of each year's savings. Abolishing it will help family farmers and small-businessmen and women looking to pass on their lifework to the baby-boomer generation now hitting 50. Remember that there are now more self-employed small-business men and women than labor-union members. The Democrats' response is to play to envy and hate: one of their less attractive and politically successful strategies from 1994.

Abolishing the inheritance tax would over seven years increase the nation's stock of savings by \$630 billion, create 228,000 jobs, and increase the GNP by \$79 billion in 2002.

—GROVER NORQUIST

Center for Effective Compassion

WE suggest a simple piece of legislation to remove the regulatory obstacles faced by non-profit charitable groups, many of which are faith-based programs, as they work to help alcohol and drug addicts. This past June, the state of Texas moved to suspend the license of Teen Challenge in San Antonio, Texas, one of the most successful faith-based abuse programs in the nation. The citations are indicative of a governmental bias against faith-based programs: the staff lacks what the state deems the appropriate degrees and training, and the pro-

gram does not follow the curriculum used in therapeutic programs that are, in fact, less successful.

Instead of emphasizing compliance, government officials should care about outcomes. In this respect faith-based programs stack up very well—with 60 to 70 per cent success rates compared to single-digit rates for secular programs. A dual accreditation system could be instituted by state governments simply by granting exemptions to non-profits. Government officials with concerns about public health and safety are unlikely to deregulate entirely, but they might establish dual-accreditation systems that could free faith-based programs from the pressure to bow to secular approaches based on a different world-view.

—ARIANNA HUFFINGTON
& MARVIN OLASKY

National Right to Work Committee

FEDERAL labor law currently empowers union officials to compel employees to pay union dues in order to work. Congress should repeal these coercive statutes by passing the National Right to Work Act (S-581/HR-1279) of 1995. The National Right to Work Act rolls back a pro-coercion federal mandate that enriches the union elite (which now collects nearly \$5 billion in forced dues every year) at the expense of working Americans, American entrepreneurs, and the whole economy. Polls show that 80 per cent of the American people support the bill. Rightly so: between 1960 and 1993, the nation's Right to Work states enjoyed a 77.6 per cent increase in new high-wage manufacturing jobs, versus 13.1 per cent nationwide. And even Robert Reich's Labor Department reports show that average per-capita personal income, adjusted for cost of living, is almost \$1,100 higher in Right to Work states.

—REED LARSON

National Center for Policy Analysis

THE most revolutionary approach to welfare reform—and one that has strong support from Republican leaders—is the NCPA's "Taxpayers' Choice," a dollar-for-dollar tax credit for contributions to private charities. Under this provision, tax-

payers could donate up to 40 per cent of their personal-income-tax payments—which is the share of total individual income taxes that currently goes to federal means-tested welfare programs—to any charity, public or private, they choose. To the extent that a state's taxpayers utilized such credits, the Federal Government would reduce its welfare distribution to the state by the same amount.

Thus, if a taxpayer had an income-tax obligation of \$5,000, he could designate up to \$2,000 of that obligation to private charities such as the Salvation Army, Goodwill, or a local shelter or soup kitchen, and his state would lose \$2,000 from its federal contribution.

With such a tax credit, private organizations would be able to compete on a level playing field for welfare tax dollars. To the extent that private-sector charities convinced taxpayers that they were doing a better job than state bureaucracies, private charities, rather than government, would be permitted to manage America's war on poverty.

—MERRILL MATTHEWS JR.

National Right to Life Committee

IN RECENT months, the two houses of Congress have approved slightly different versions of the Partial Birth Abortion Ban Act. The partial-birth abortion procedure involves partially delivering an unborn baby between 4½ and 9 months of age. The abortionist deliberately leaves the head just within the uterus and, using surgical scissors, punctures the base of the skull and suctions out the baby's brain. One doctor, who has done over 1,000 such procedures, said that 80 per cent of them were "purely elective."

In a Tarrance Group poll conducted in mid-December, 71 per cent of registered voters favored the bill. Nevertheless, President Clinton has vowed to veto it—and his veto is likely to stand, for this year. But columnist Mark Shields clearly described the potential impact of this legislation. During a discussion on *The News Hour* with Jim Lehrer, he stated, "Bill Clinton, in 1992, ran on safe, legal, and rare . . . which gave him . . . an opening with pro-life Democrats . . . If he [vetoes the bill] I think that leaves an awful lot of territory for Bob Dole and the Republicans."

—DOUGLAS JOHNSON
& LAURA HENEGAR ECHEVARRIA

Dead Issues

Modern society prides itself on its knowledge. But a society without taboos knows nothing for certain.

DIGBY ANDERSON

NECROPHILIA is the erotic attraction to corpses. There is no exclusivity here. The corpse may be old or young, male or female, human or animal, stranger or relative, one's own recently departed mother or a sheep taken at random from the abattoir. Various aspects of necrophilia are illegal and, insofar as it is mentioned at all, it is, to my limited knowledge, socially disapproved of. Or, if you prefer, we could say that necrophiliacs are

politically repressed and socially discriminated against, their rights to free sexual expression systematically denied.

Suppose you wanted to champion the oppressed necrophiliac—not only to free him from legal shackles but to have his sexual identity and lifestyle considered normal, as normal as that of a “normal” married couple—how might you go about your campaign? You might call a philosopher. He would explain that absolute moral standards were not the issue in this multicultural society. Today we are enlightened enough to tolerate and even affirm others' lifestyles provided they do not harm third parties. He could easily show that necrophilia

harms *no one* in the usual and mortal use of that term. Not a single complaint has ever been made by the object of a necrophiliac's attentions. Would that we could say the same about violence within traditional marriage! And necrophilia is essentially a private affair. Much quoting of John Stuart Mill would take place. Our philosopher might recognize that necrophilia is thought outlandish but point out that if we persecute every idea thought outlandish we will end as a very repressive society. He might then catalogue all the items once thought outlandish which are now understood to be perfectly normal.

A classical liberal economist could easily be found to talk impressively about costs imposed on others, externalities, private and public goods, and Pareto optimality. He would reach a conclusion similar to the philosopher's: it hurts no one. A psychoanalyst would go further and point out that necrophiliacs were more likely to hurt others if their desires were repressed than if they were indulged. Indeed those desires might be transferred to live objects. Necrophiliacs should be not only allowed to practice

This article is a version of Mr. Anderson's chapter on Ridicule in This Will Hurt: The Restoration of Virtue and Civic Order, just out from National Review Books.

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but encouraged to talk about their practices. Assorted necrophiliac activists would then sift through history to find all sorts of generals, kings, bishops, and scientists who were necrophiliacs or would have been had they not lived in societies irrationally prejudiced against necrophilia. They would produce a survey which showed that 27 per cent of the American population had had or had fantasized a necrophiliac episode, and that these included taxpayers and men who had fought for their country. The final card to win the game would be a statement by a leading sculptor or novelist that the denial of necrophilia was a denial of artistic and creative freedom.

The idea of a campaign to promote necrophilia is not as fantastic, if I may use that word, as it might seem. Currently there is a case before the European Court concerning the "rights" of sado-masochists to hurt each other in various perverted ways.

More generally, Western societies have seen a series of behaviors, once thought evil, perverse, or just plain barmy, solemnly argued for as normal and very quickly accepted as such. Take the case of illegitimacy, once thought an occasion for shame; or that of vegetarianism, once thought, for instance by Orwell, to be the sure sign of a crank; or that of homosexuality. All these have become accepted, at least officially, as being normal, of equivalent worth to the bearing of children in wedlock, traditional food, and heterosexuality. And the journey from being thought outlandish to being affirmed as normal is taking less and less time. And there are others. Consider the way counseling, a practice almost entirely without tested scientific basis, now sits in our hospitals alongside sophisticated surgery and elaborately tested pharmaceuticals; or the way a society steeped in the sophisticated wisdom of Christianity and Judaism has so easily fallen for New Age nonsense and Mother Earth sorcery.

IT IS important to remember that these behaviors were once not just disapproved of. They were seen as obviously wrong or barmy, things to be dismissed "out of hand," without discussion, as ridiculous, to be laughed at. This suggests questions. Is there anything that modern society is capable of dismissing out of hand? Is it condemned to considering all behaviors and views solemnly, weighing the pros and cons?

Is ridicule out? And is there something about the way modern society solemnly reviews what was once thought perverted and barmy that makes it very likely that it will accord that behavior normal status? Because if all is to be normal then nothing will be, and all will be chaos.

The road to loss of judgment and proportion looks at first so rational. Modern society is scientific and democratic, and so it believes in debate. But it has deified debate. The old society believed in debate, but not about everything. It knew in its bones that necrophilia was deeply disgusting. The feeling of disgust and offense had something to do with dishonor to the dead and a lot to do with the notion of perversion. Both are increasingly lost to contemporary society. In a way difficult to define, promiscuous debate has something to do with that loss. Debate dignifies the daft and the dirty by giving them the same attention as things time has established as right, just, sensible.

This happens partly too because of the terms of the debate. What counts is harm or benefit shown to be done to others. And next to nothing else counts. Cases where the harm is difficult to *show*, such as offensiveness especially to public decency, won't do well in this utilitarian and consequentialist debate. And cases that depend on absolute ideas of virtue, of something being wrong whether or not it does harm, won't be admissible at all. Tradition is denied entry to this court. The judges have no time for the prejudices worked out by experienced societies over thousands of years. Prejudice is a dirty word.

The modern debate allows only two verdicts. Either the behavior is accepted, in which case it has to be thoroughly accepted. Or it isn't. So homosexuality, for instance, cannot be grudgingly tolerated. Once it is legal, it has to be considered as good as heterosexuality. The same goes for the "voluntary" single family. Discriminate totally or not at all. There's no room in this society for a little discrimination, a spot of shame or embarrassment. The old society, in contrast, had a sophisticated shading of ideas in which some were mainstream, some beyond the pale, and yet others in the shadows. Oscar Wilde's friend Lord Alfred Douglas wrote of the love that dare not speak its name. Even in the nineteenth century that was not such a harsh thing. Indeed Wilde and Douglas spent much of their time nattering to anyone who would listen about their

supposedly silent love. They did not just want to be left alone. Douglas told André Gide what he had wanted when he entered the Savoy with Wilde. "I want everyone to say, 'There goes Oscar Wilde and his minion.'"

THE old society was not static. Ideas and behaviors moved from the illegal to the legal, from providing contempt and ridicule to drawing acclaim, but they did so slowly and via stages in the shadows. Indeed, this was the way the old society tested ideas. Dismissing an idea was not the worst thing one could do to it. James Fitzjames Stephen puts the point nicely, commenting on the ballad, "Cursed be the coward that ever he was born/Who did not draw the sword before he blew the horn." Having to fight for a hearing of one's idea tests it. Until a man, says Stephen, "has formed opinions for which he is prepared to fight, there is no hardship in his being compelled by social intolerance to keep them to himself and to those who sympathize with them."

The replacement of prejudice, measured approval, and degrees of intolerance by simplistic, "prove the damage done" debate and the total rights that go with it is responsible for very grave trends in society. Most grave, it is producing a frivolous society, one that does not know an idea which can contend for serious claim from a trivial one. Then, since many of the ideas now so rapidly and totally admitted to full normality are tied to behaviors, we must live with the behavioral consequences. There are now millions of children being brought up without fathers partly because society had no adequate prejudicial defenses against the one-parent family. Many of the homosexuals who have died from AIDS were killed, in part, by society's rush to endorse homosexual behavior as normal. Ideas do indeed have consequences.

The last consequence is the most literally grave. One of the strongest defenses against outlandish ideas and behavior was ridicule. Ridicule is not now permitted. And a society that is condemned to take all claims seriously will soon be a society whose eyebrows cannot be raised in disbelieving amusement, whose gaze cannot turn down in scorn, whose mouth cannot laugh. It will have lost its best defense of order, the sense of the comic. Do I hear the sound of spades against graves? □

Black Future

Black America has splintered into factions, and the one that gets the least attention deserves the most.

BARBARA LERNER

SOMETIMES it seems as if there are only two views of America's race problems in the 1990s, the paranoid one and the Panglossian one. Last year was a bumper year for both, but in the end, the Panglossian one won out, at least in the white press. The stark contrast between black and white reactions to the verdict in the O. J. Simpson trial was momentarily daunting, but *Candide* latched onto two new Panglossian hopes. First, the fantasy that a single black superman could somehow save us, all by himself, if only we made him President. Colin Powell sensibly declined to don the cape and tights, and *Candide* decided that salvation lay with the million men who marched on Washington.

Fastening Panglossian hopes on Colin Powell was easy for white Americans. He's an attractive man, and most of his pale-faced fans had no idea of what his views were. Those who did—pundits like Bill Kristol and Charles Krauthammer—didn't care; for them, the symbol was all. The marchers were harder to fantasize about. The fact that they were assembled under the banner of a hate-monger and that they excluded women was an insurmountable downer for a few, Kristol and Krauthammer among them, but many more managed to discern a wonderfully positive message in it all.

White reporters who waded into the crowd on the mall found it full of sensitive, articulate black men, proud of their considerable accomplishments. Why, it was a veritable festival of love, a kind of black Woodstock without the sex or the drugs. And with a new rhetorical emphasis on responsibility and self-help too. What could be wrong with that?

A lot, I think, if we see the march as the response of one segment of the black baby-boomer majority to the

racial problems of the black community on the 25th anniversary of the affirmative-action era, the era the boomer majority grew up in. That era is ending, and we all need to take a close look at the black community that has evolved out of it before deciding what to do

next. When I do, I don't see the unity the marchers proclaim. I see three main groups of black Americans with three very different lifestyles and two sharply opposed views of the race problem in America today. I call them the winners, the predators, and the invisibles.

Black Winners: Look at the marchers and you see the winners. The marchers were overwhelmingly from the group of black baby-boomers who went to college, graduated to managerial and professional jobs, and are now spreading out in comfort in our increasingly segregated suburbs. The winners are not fighting this new segregation. Most see black middle-class self-segregation as a positive choice and embrace it, along with Afrocentrism generally.

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There are a lot of Joes. Maybe you know one. Or maybe *you're* a bit like him. Maybe not. But if you are, or if you know someone who is, or if you're just someone who wants or needs to sharpen your intellect (a young executive or professional who could profit *immensely* from enhanced creative faculties), then you must attend **The Buckley School of Disciplined Thinking**.



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Miss Lerner is a writer who lives in Princeton.

Their enthusiasm for a black Woodstock on the Mall is easy to understand. Like many of their white peers, they are still believers in the boomer-era faith that low self-esteem is the root cause of all human failings, high self-esteem the cure. They see self-love as an unadulterated good, something you can never have too much of, a psychological and spiritual panacea. But they also hold fast to two additional beliefs that most of their white peers no longer share. They believe in affirmative action and, above all, they believe in endemic white racism. In their eyes, it is an all-pervasive negative force in American society. It's not because they've bought into Louis Farrakhan's devil-theories. It's because they believe that they themselves are frequent victims of white racism, in spite of all their accomplishments. And they are very angry about it.

Ellis Cose's book, *The Rage of a Privileged Class*, is a good place to start to examine this anger. Cose is a *Newsweek* editor who interviewed hundreds of black boomer winners like himself and found that they all had the same negative experiences with white people and responded with the same rage. That rage is forcefully expressed in a number of recent autobiographies by other boomer winners, such as *Parallel Time* by Brent Staples of the *New York Times* editorial board, and *Makes Me Wanna Holler* by Nathan McCall, the *Washington Post* reporter who is helping Farrakhan write his autobiography.

The victimization experiences that evoke their rage are of two basic kinds: running into white people who 1) manifest initial doubts about the competence of affirmative-action beneficiaries or 2) show a fear of black criminality when they encounter black male strangers. Boomer winners don't see any of these doubts or fears as understandable responses to real problems and dilemmas; they see them as racist assaults on their self-esteem.

Brent Staples's rage was more dramatically expressed than most, but the experience that triggered it was typical. As a graduate student at the University of Chicago in the 1970s he noticed that white strangers he passed on deserted campus streets at night were afraid of him when he didn't mean to frighten them. He says this came as a nasty shock to him.

Staples is 6'2", wore his hair long, and liked to walk alone late at night, wearing a navy pea jacket "broad at the shoulders, high at the collar, making me look bigger and more fearsome than I was." Appearances notwithstanding, it wasn't hard for him to dispel the fear he evoked. He would whistle Vivaldi's *The Seasons* or a Beatles tune and observe the reaction: "The tension drained from people's bodies when they heard me. A few even smiled as they passed me in the dark."

Still, he responded with rage: "They'd made me terrifying; now I'd show them how terrifying I could be." He invented a game he called "scatter the pigeons." On a dark street, he would lie in wait for his prey—a white man or woman walking alone, a vulnerable-looking couple—then jump out at them suddenly, blocking their paths or running at them full tilt. At the last moment, he would stop abruptly, "laughing into their bleached-out faces."

THIS kind of middle-class rage is frightening, and it's a new phenomenon. The University of Chicago is my alma mater too; like many urban campuses, it is a little enclave, surrounded by crime-infested neighborhoods, and in the pre-affirmative-action Fifties and Sixties, all my male friends and colleagues there—black, white, Asian, and Hispanic—also had the experience of frightening people on dark streets when they didn't mean to. None of them felt victimized by it; none responded with rage. They all empathized with people who were smaller, frailer, and more vulnerable than themselves, and did their best to reassure them. Why do so many black boomers react so differently?

I think there are two main reasons.

First, they are easily angered because they share the faults of their generation—its narcissistic self-involvement, its exaggerated sense of entitlement, and its easy assumption of the mantle of victimhood. Second, I think affirmative action magnifies those faults because it creates inner doubts in those who benefitted from it, and the ideology of their generation encourages them to externalize those doubts, transforming personal problems into political ones, and blaming them on "oppressors."

That, at any rate, is what many boomer winners do. They define themselves as victims in spite of their success, and feel a strong sense of solidarity with other blacks they define as fellow victims. It is why they feel an almost automatic sense of solidarity with blacks in trouble with the law, a sense that they are all part of one big victim group struggling together against white America's undying racism. It is this racism, they believe, that creates black criminals, keeps black losers down, and keeps black winners like themselves from enjoying their success. That is why so many middle-class blacks applauded when O.J. was acquitted; it is why their children give Farrakhan an even warmer reception on college campuses than he gets in urban slums.

Black Predators: The black predator class is new. There was always a black criminal class, just as there was and is a white one, but in the Fifties and Sixties, it was composed of scattered individuals and a few small groups that had little influence in any community. Today, the predators are the dominant group in most inner-city neighborhoods. Not dominant in numbers; but they are a larger minority than they have ever been before, and dominant in a way they never were before.

These new predators have turned the inner-city neighborhoods they live in into war zones, where they roam the streets, killing each other over minor slights to their swollen egos, indifferent to the black innocents caught in the cross-fire. They are equally indifferent to the children they father, and to the mothers of those children, and they are proud of their indifference, proud that swaggering rap artists celebrate them with obscene boasts about the joys of brutalizing women



"Wait a minute—shouldn't you be saying something about 'if not completely satisfied'?"

and killing cops; and they, too, believe that America is a racist nation. It's all whitey's fault, they say. Don't blame us; we're victims. Show us respect and meet our demands, or we'll make you pay, in fire and blood.

Black Invisibles: The invisibles are black Americans who disagree with this new consensus. They do not believe that white racist assaults on black self-esteem account for the problems they face, and they do not support affirmative action. They believe in old-fashioned religion and/or old-fashioned psychology, in sin and character, not self-esteem; and they see black predators as victimizers, not victims. In the Fifties and Sixties, they were the majority in black America. Now, they constitute about a third of the total, the third that told the pollsters they were appalled when O.J. was acquitted.

Most Americans who recognize this dissenting minority at all recognize only the fraction of the group that is middle class—eloquent, often anguished intellectuals like Clarence Thomas, Walter Williams, Shelby Steele, and Ken Ham-

blin, the black Rush Limbaugh. But the great majority of the dissenters are not middle class. They are the poor black civilians who are trapped in our new urban war zones, who live in constant fear of the predators among them, forced to brave a gauntlet of harassment, threats, bullying, and worse every time they leave their homes to shop or work or go to school or actually learn something there.

These people are struggling to survive in spite of the predators, struggling to retain some semblance of the kind of normal, decent, ordinary life most black Americans of modest means took for granted in the Fifties and Sixties, the kind of life that now seems an impossible dream. They are desperate people, desperately in need of help to reclaim their neighborhoods from the predators. And it is the predators whom they hate and fear, not some arbitrary stereotype of a white oppressor. They need help—sympathetic attention, police protection, and political support—more than ever before, but a strange thing happened to them in the affirmative-action era. They became invisible.

They are invisible to black winners because black winners focus on inner-city predators, the "victims" they lavish their sympathy and support on. They are invisible to whites because most whites see the people who live in the inner city only when they are interviewed on television after a riot or a jury verdict, and the people we see and hear, over and over again, are the predators and their defenders.

The views of the invisibles are so politically incorrect that mainstream reporters don't let them speak even when they try, and they mostly don't—not on camera, anyway. They are afraid that if they do, the predators on their block will punish them or, worse, their kids. Once in a while, a few brave souls do try, as a little group did in one of the "town meetings" Ted Koppel presided over after the verdict in the O.J. case. But Koppel knows politically incorrect, déclassé voices when he hears them. He cut them off, quickly, taking the microphone away from them and giving it back to those "authentic" ghetto representatives we have all seen and heard so many times before—all the strutting,

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posturing predators who spit out their rage and hatred at white America, and the chorus of politicians and latter-day civil-rights experts who champion their cause, telling us over and over again that they are not the problem, only its symptom. We are the problem, our racism is the cause, and if only we would quit putting predators in prison and give them the respect, opportunity, and advancement they deserve, the problem would be solved.

WE'VE been trying to do that for a quarter of a century now, and the problem has grown steadily worse. It's time to open our minds to a different possibility, the possibility that things could and would improve, dramatically, if we stopped ignoring the invisibles and appeasing the predators and made a serious effort to isolate predators instead, putting violent kids in special schools where they could not prey on their non-violent peers and destroy their shot at a real education, and putting violent adults in prison and keeping them there.

If we did that, the invisibles might become visible once more, reclaiming their neighborhoods, making them safe enough to lure back stores and businesses and the jobs that go with them, and making their schools function again to teach their kids the skills they need to succeed at those jobs. And if instead of co-opting those kids by giving them affirmative-action scholarships to Ivy League schools and sending them off to major in boomer ideology, we let them do what they would have done without affirmative action, they might grow up to be a positive force in their communities. More of them might go to colleges and universities closer to home; more of them might major in business and science and engineering; and some of them might return to their local communities to develop their own businesses there, creating the entrepreneurial class black America needs, a class that creates real opportunities for the people who deserve them most.

I, for one, am convinced that it could happen, because I saw it happening in the Fifties and Sixties, before we embraced affirmative action and the new ideology that divides us into victim and oppressor classes, overindulging the spoiled rich and the predatory poor, and ignoring the real victims, the millions of black poor people who don't whine or

strut or lecture or threaten, the ones who suffered most in the era that is now drawing to a close.

My fear is that it won't happen because too many black winners see the thing inner-city invisibles need most—effective law enforcement—in purely negative terms, as a racist assault on the black community. And too few white Americans grasp the fact that it is the most positive thing we could do for the black poor, the people that affirmative action left behind. White politicians, especially, are torn. They want to be "tough on crime," but they also want to do something positive to help the black poor, and they don't understand that they are one and the same.

What America needs now is a presidential candidate with the courage and vision to tell the American people that crime, violent crime, not racism and/or a shortage of self-esteem, is the great barrier to equal opportunity today. A candidate who will tell America that the great civil-rights issue of the 1990s is the right of the black poor to safe streets and safe schools. A Republican candidate who did that probably wouldn't get a majority of the black vote in 1996—no matter if he was black or white—but he could get at least a third of it, and he would set America on the right course again, an honest course that can, in the end, bring us true equality, true healing. □

Liberal Arts

Financial aid which rewards socially detrimental behavior should not be funded.

DAVID MASTIO

FEDERAL financial aid is a fetid swamp of destructive and contradictory social incentives—rewarding divorce, deadbeat dads, out-of-wedlock childbirth, and cohabitation. Not to mention driving education costs ever higher.

As Republican plans stand now, financial aid for needy college students is to be hacked back by as much as \$10 billion over the next few years. Liberal analysts predictably whine that as many as a quarter of a million will lose all financial aid and hundreds of thousands will pay even more for college; many will be forced to drop out.

But the problem is not the cuts. It is the destructive incentives in the system—which, after the cuts, still remain.

The program granting financial aid for college students from poor families recognizes the sound principle that parents should help their children pay for college before the taxpayer does. But buried in the bureaucratic system that governs the program are rules that thwart that idea.

When a man divorces his wife and

leaves his children behind, the Department of Education doesn't even attempt to find out his financial status when those children head off to college. Daddy could make a million, but if mommy is poor, as many women become after divorce, the children will receive federally funded financial aid. Daddy becomes a federally approved and taxpayer-funded deadbeat dad.

According to Department of Education statistics, undergraduates who receive financial aid are 50 per cent more likely to have divorced parents than students who are refused. Hundreds of thousands of students are receiving financial aid without having their need compared fairly with students whose parents remain married.

And if you are a divorced or unmarried woman with children nearing the age at which they head off to college, God forbid that you plan to marry. The government will expect the children's stepfather, whether he adopts them or not, to ante up. Nary a thought will be given to the children's real father.

Among graduate students, the Department of Education encourages cohabitation rather than marriage. If a graduate student lives with someone

Mr. Mastio is a member of USA Today's editorial board.

who is working, the government doesn't care. However, if the two get married, then the graduate student's spouse's income may disqualify him or her from receiving financial aid.

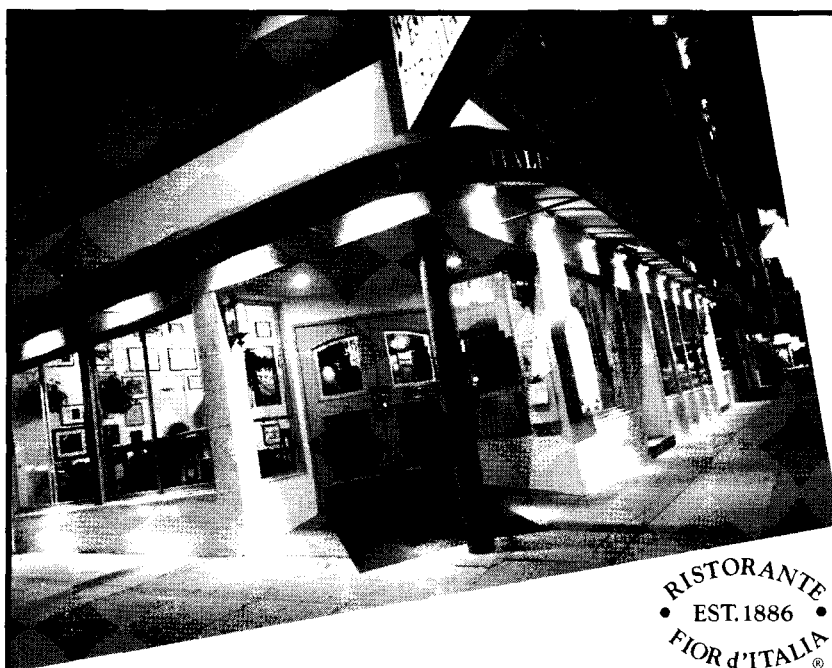
The government also exempts students who have children from reporting their parents' income. Now, married students and those over 24 are already exempt, and students whose parents are poor already qualify for aid, so whom does this rule help? Middle- and upper-class unwed mothers under 24. Rather than ask their parents to help, the government steps in and helps pay for their college despite the fact that their parents could pay.

And how much do we spend subsidizing all that silly behavior? Well, just take one program—Pell Grants—which makes up about one-third of federal need-based financial aid. There are 3.7 million students who get Pell Grants, averaging \$1,500. Of those aid recipients, 35 per cent have divorced or never-married parents. That adds up to about \$1.8 billion yearly in grants to college students whose need has been measured without counting the highest-paid member of their family—their father.

Which brings us to the formula that determines the size of a student's aid package. Essentially, the more expensive the school you choose to attend, the more likely you are to get aid and the larger your aid package will be. Thousands of students are receiving financial aid to go to expensive private schools when if they chose to go to their state school the Federal Government would give them nothing—a subsidy to send middle-class kids to the Ivy League on the backs of the taxpayer.

The incentives for the schools outside the Ivy League aren't any better, because the more they charge, the more aid their students will get. Across the board, higher education has seen massive inflation for the last two decades. Since the 1973-74 school year, the cost of attending a public university has almost quadrupled, from \$1,700 to \$6,700; at private universities the cost has rocketed from \$3,700 to more than \$20,000. In fact, every year for more than a decade, the cost of higher education has increased faster than general inflation.

As Republicans go about cutting the budget, they should try to look beyond the numbers—and see if the programs really do any good. □



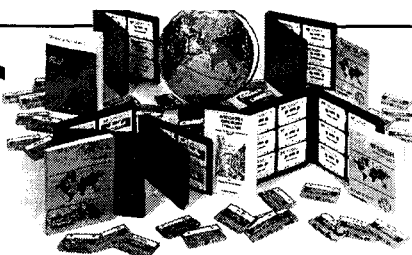
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THE VICE PRESIDENT
WASHINGTON

January 5, 1996

Dear Rusty,

I understand that you're angry. You have every reason to be. You know and I know that your work down in the Amazonian rainforest is important.

But you have to understand that while I certainly don't consider you "non-essential," the Federal Government does. And, if I may say so, you've got it pretty easy down there; the furloughed non-essential federal employees who live up here can't pay for their groceries with a carton of cigarettes and a Penthouse magazine.

I'm trying to be sympathetic here, but, as my dad would say, "Put a little gratitude in that attitude." Be thankful that when I re-invented government, I didn't re-invent it so much that we got rid of 350,000 "non-essential" personnel.

And, it isn't our fault that those people aren't working. It's the Republicans who keep erecting roadblocks. I mean, we've agreed to balance the budget in seven years. And we've agreed to cut Medicare. And we've agreed to a per-child rebate. But they keep pushing for a balanced budget in seven years, and Medicare cuts, and a per-child rebate. And so the impasse continues.

And in the third place—and this is strictly between us—I mean, let's be honest: most of those federal employees make an average annual salary of \$41,500, which by OMB standards, puts them squarely in the category of the "super mega rich," and so in many ways, I say to them what my dad said to me when I complained about the food in Eliot House: "Cry me a river."

And in the fourth place, the "super mega rich" are all that the Republicans care about, giving them huge tax cuts and corporate handouts. So the "super mega rich" and "non-essential" federal employees should blame the Republicans for this gridlock, not us, because we care about them, and the Republicans only care about . . .

Wait a sec. I'm getting lost here. Let me check my notes.

Okay. Got it. Back on track.

Dick Morris has provided all of us with a laminated three-by-five card—just like Reagan used—that keeps a lot of these issues straight. Tipper quizzes me on it while driving me to the Brinkley show. It's a pretty clear card:

We're totally against the Republican tax cuts for the rich. But that doesn't mean that we don't think that we raised taxes too much on the rich. It just means that we're totally against the Republican tax cuts for the rich.

And we are absolutely not going to cut welfare.

But we are going to end it as we know it. But we are not going to cut it.

And we are going to balance the budget in seven years. But a balanced budget isn't that important. And anyway, we've already balanced it.

Any questions?

The only thing that concerns me is that I'm not sure this message will carry us through November. I keep pushing for a "They'll warm the globe; we'll warm your heart" type of slogan, but Dick is pretty adamant that we stay "on message."

"Dick," I asked him the other day, "are you at all concerned that running against Congress might backfire? Sure, we're ahead in the polls now, but so was Jimmy Carter at this point in 1976—and, for that matter, George Bush in 1992. But at some point, we're going to have a budget deal, and people are going to forget about the impasse."

"That's an awkward question, Mr. Vice President. The short answer to your question is, 'Hey, I've got you guys to about 54% approval, Bob Dole is most probably going to be your opponent—I mean, what more do you want?' The longer answer to your question is, 'Yes, you've made some interesting points, and I'm sure that when he takes over, Jim Carville will fine-tune the message to a more, shall we say, left-wing frequency.' Rest assured, though, I will never be more than a phone call away."

For some reason, Rusty, that didn't reassure me.

I spent a few minutes collecting my thoughts. Then I popped into the Cabinet Room. Bill, Bob Dole, Newt Gingrich, and an assortment of others were embroiled in negotiations. Bill had just conceded a capital-gains tax cut.

"Am I hearing you right, Mr. President?" Speaker Gingrich asked. "You're now in favor of a capital-gains tax cut?"

"Absolutely," Bill said.

"Well, this is good news," Gingrich added.

Bill smiled. "Just as long as it doesn't involve a capital-gains tax cut."

"Um . . ." Gingrich said.

Bill folded up his laminated card, looked up and caught my eye, and gave me a big "thumbs up."

Here's hoping you get back to your non-essential work soon, Rusty.

Your pal, Al

BOOKS, ARTS & MANNERS

Nixon . . . Not

JACOB COHEN

IN AN effort at spin control worthy of its subject, Oliver Stone has released a five-hundred-page book, *Nixon: An Oliver Stone Film*, which contains the "original screenplay" (including several scenes omitted in the final cut), 168 discursive footnotes, documentary appendices, and several short essays—all to prove that Stone's version of Nixon is in the factual ballpark. As for Stone's fabled paranoia, which since *JFK* has become an international joke, readers are prompted to agree with John Dean, who, in an obsequious essay, comments that even when he strays from the strict record Oliver Stone "forces you to think."

Here is what Stone, an artistic bully, forces us to think (it is no laughing matter): Once again he is fixed on the Kennedy assassination, in a revised version. Kennedy, we now learn, was killed after the failure of several earlier assassination plots against Castro and after the Bay of Pigs fiasco, both of which were mounted late in the Eisenhower years by the CIA in cahoots with the Mafia and superintended (this is the big news!) by Vice President Richard Nixon. Allegedly, Nixon was terrified that evidence of his role in the Bay of Pigs—and therefore, indirectly, in Kennedy's death—would be revealed, destroying his reputation and, into the bargain, shattering the foundations of our entire corrupt political system. His masters—whom Nixon called "the beast," according to Stone—blackmailed him with the threat of exposure throughout his subsequent political career. "What is this Bay of Pigs thing?" John Ehrlichman asks H. R. Haldeman, referring to Nixon's frequent reference to "the Bay of Pigs" in the tapes. "They went after Castro," Haldeman whispers, "and in some crazy way it turned on Kennedy. I don't think the 'P' knows what happened but he is afraid to find out."

This is vintage Stone: a) Breathlessly repeat commonplaces as if they were revelatory: CIA plots against Castro using the Mafia have been common knowledge at least since the revelations of the Church Committee in 1975.

b) Confidently stipulate facts for which there is no evidence and which, indeed, go against most of the record: Actually, Nixon was famously irrelevant as Vice President. (Astonishingly, there is not even the briefest mention in the film of his well-known fury with Eisenhower over this—a little coverup by Stone, who is selling the notion that Nixon was a major player.)

c) Run to darkness with half the truth, simply ignoring the disconfirming other half: Thus, while it is true that Nixon was one of the first public officials to see and say that Castro was a dangerous Communist, at a time (1959–60) when Castro was hiding the fact, the historical record also shows that Nixon thought Castro was a naïve Communist and recommended that we win him over to our side, not that we kill him. With regard to Stone's confident assertion that Nixon always linked the Bay of Pigs with the Kennedy assassination, in support of which he cites Haldeman's *The Ends of Power*, a close reading of the cited pages, 37–40, reveals that Nixon believed that a vengeful Castro was himself somehow responsible for Kennedy's death, which is the very opposite of Stone's view that the same people who tried to kill Castro, killed Kennedy.

d) Lie. No other word is appropriate for Nixon's assertion (clearly on Stone's behalf) that Kennedy knew nothing of the assassination plots against Castro ("He didn't even know about it. The CIA never told him. They just kept it going. It was like . . . it had a life of its own . . . like a kind of beast"). This is part of Stone's consistent whitewashing of Kennedy, the Lochinvar of his dreams. However, in the book, a footnote to Nixon's comment reveals that Kennedy—who actually

was all over the CIA to get rid of Castro, and much more zealous about it than the previous Administration—learned of the plots from his girlfriend, a Mafia moll. And Stone cannot be unaware that Kennedy would also have learned of the assassination plots from his brother Bobby, the Attorney General, who knew, and from his close aide McGeorge Bundy, who knew, and from J. Edgar Hoover, who taped the Mafia, and probably told Kennedy about the plots on the basis of that source.

e) Fill in the holes in your fantasy with fabrications dressed up as documentary truth: Thus we have scenes in which Richard Helms of the FBI burns all the CIA evidence for Nixon's role in heading up and perhaps inspiring the plots and the Bay of Pigs invasion—thereby explaining why there isn't any; and Stone even has the audacity to permit us to hear the famous erased portion of the Nixon tapes, the content of which was not known until Stone invented it. Not surprisingly, Nixon therein reveals everything: "These guys went after Castro . . . Seven times, ten times. . . . What do you think—people like that—they just give up? They just walk



Roman Gern

Mr. Cohen teaches American history at Brandeis University.



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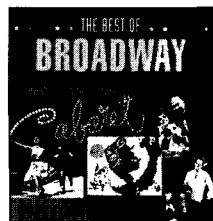
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away? Whoever killed Kennedy came from this . . . This *thing* we created. This *beast*. That's why we can't let this thing go any further." According to Stone, Nixon agreed to resign only when Alexander Haig, a greasy eminence throughout the film, representative of the "Beast," threatened to reveal a copy of the erased tape which only Oliver Stone and his co-conspirators know about.

The image of "the Beast" returns like a mantra throughout the film. It operates like "the horror" in *Heart of Darkness* as

synecdoche for all the demonic forces of destruction threatening civilization. In the screenplay, the actor playing Nixon is instructed to reel as with nausea whenever Nixon thinks about the Beast. A cabal comprising the CIA, Hoover's FBI, organized crime, Wall Street, Texas oil moguls, reptilian anti-Castro Cubans, Birchers, neo-Nazis, racists—the Beast is behind every violent turn in modern American history.

We see its representatives meeting with Nixon, like the witches in *Macbeth*, predicting just before the fact that Jack

Nixon to Kick Around

DRAMAS based on history are as old as the theater, and a strict identity between historical fact and literary "truth" has not always been insisted on. Shakespeare never published an appendix or declassified documents. But as more recent events become the subject of dramatization, the greater accessibility of historical truth imposes rather more of a duty either to show some respect for facts or to disclaim the pretense and admit to a fictionalization.

My interest here is in the recent Turner Network Television drama, *Kissinger and Nixon*. Its subject is the climactic phase of the negotiation to end the war in Indochina, from June 1972 to January 1973. But its focus is the intrigue between White House aide Henry Kissinger and his President.

The film begins with a grand but ambiguous pronouncement that "all history is based on interpretation." But then it does assert a factual basis, relying largely on the Walter Isaacson biography of Kissinger. That is a bad sign, since Isaacson's treatment of Vietnam is the shallowest and most cliché-ridden portion of an extremely shallow and cliché-ridden book. (Full disclosure is in order here. I have been a longtime associate of Kissinger. I can't claim impartiality, but I can claim direct personal knowledge of the facts, having served on his Vietnam negotiating team.)

What we have here is a sloppy cartoon version of events. Ron Silver does a passable Kissinger imitation (though not as good as Ted Koppel's); Beau Bridges does an absurdly buffoonish Nixon (not as funny as Rich Little's).

Mr. Rodman is a senior editor of NR.

The whole treatment oozes cynicism.

The tone is set early on by a scene in which Nixon discovers only by an intelligence intercept that Kissinger is resuming his negotiations with Le Duc Tho, and confronts an abashed Kissinger with this discovery. The scene is a fabrication; its premise is a fabrication, perhaps even a libelous one; the secret negotiating "backchannel" operated from 1969 onward with Nixon's full authorization and knowledge.

A genuine tactical disagreement over how much to pressure the South Vietnamese did arise between Nixon and Kissinger in the fall of 1972, which provides the grist for Isaacson and the TNT broadcast. The problem is that they misunderstand the issue completely. The North Vietnamese feared that Nixon would be far more formidable after reelection; therefore *they* insisted on accelerating the schedule of negotiations and suggested the possibility of completing an agreement by October. Kissinger's eagerness to press the negotiation in that period was based on a strategy: to squeeze the North Vietnamese up against their own deadline, extract the maximum concessions from them, and nail them down. *Nixon approved this strategy*. He also approved the tentative agreement that Kissinger brought home in early October.

Most of this is omitted from the TNT version.

This "history" is a bizarre mélange of both liberal and conservative clichés. The film implies a mass of civilian casualties from the 1972 Christmas bombing, though there were in fact few. It ascribes no motive for the bombing except an inebriated Nixon's itch to bomb Hanoi while *Saigon* was obstruct-

ing the negotiation. (In fact, Saigon was cooperating at that point and it was Hanoi that had thrown the negotiation into a stall.) Likewise, the canard is repeated that we could have obtained the same deal four years earlier and saved thousands of American lives—this, in the face of the mountain of evidence that Hanoi *rejected* the same terms consistently for four years.

As for conservative clichés, they concern the South Vietnamese. Saigon was indeed shaken by the pace and tactics of the negotiation in the fall of 1972—but the core problem was not so much the terms (which were a version of what the U.S. and South Vietnam had been *jointly proposing* for years) but the stark fact that all this was about to shift from the realm of paper to the realm of reality. There were indeed risks—in retrospect, Saigon's pessimism is obviously more vindicated than the Americans' optimism. But in fairness to the Nixon Administration, two essential props to the January 1973 Paris Agreement were knocked away subsequently by the Democratic Congress: the assurance to Saigon of renewed U.S. bombing if Hanoi violated the Agreement, and of a continuing and adequate flow of military and economic aid.

Hanoi was not as self-confident about its prospects under the Agreement as the film implies; the risks were in fact more evenly balanced, and the Communists were hurting badly by the end of 1972. A sensible American policy of enforcing the Agreement had a good chance of sustaining it. Needless to say, *this* is not in the film either. Nor is there anything about the near-hysterical pressures from the Left and from Congress over four years that left Nixon and Kissinger with not a lot of high cards to play in the first place. We didn't think the outcome was foreordained.

But then, we hadn't seen this brilliant docudrama. —PETER W. RODMAN

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Basil Venitis is the hottest trader of our times, a Wall Street high roller, a futures high hitter, and the keenest economist in New York. He was the first trader to apply Chaos Theory to financial markets. That's why he is considered by many traders as the first market chaologist and the father of Chaos Trading.

and then Bobby would be killed in order that Nixon, their chosen one, might be President. During his Presidency, they spy on him and manipulate his every move. And when he strays to the left they warn him of the perils of betrayal.

What motivates the Beast? Capitalist profit is clearly part of it. Kennedy, we are told, had to die, partly because he was bad for business—which in fact is entirely untrue, his tax cut having helped end the Eisenhower recession. The deeper impulse, however, is pure fascist, racist, anti-Communist malice. The Beast, Stone would have us know, is the sponsor of all social conflict and chaos. Every allusion to it is accompanied by cascading images from Vietnam, the Sixties, the McCarthy era, of atrocities, police and National Guard violence, assassination, including the “vicious” character assassination of innocent dissidents like Alger Hiss and the Rosenbergs.

He was their perfect stooge for reasons having to do with his own family history and psychological makeup. A liar, a paranoiac, an attack dog, seething with resentment against an alien system which he sensed was controlling him and which he misnamed “the liberals” or “the Eastern Establishment,” Nixon naturally assimilated the messages the Beast was beaming into his head. In an extraordinary argument, Stone suggests that Nixon had learned in childhood that assassination and mayhem are the necessary steps to a successful career when the death of his two brothers cleared the path for his own career. So he agreed to profit from the assassinations of the Kennedys. And he continued to enact the Beast’s secret agenda—like a sleepwalker—out of subconscious fear that he would be the next victim.

He did, at least, until everything became clear to him, near

the end of his Presidency. Here is the final, massive conceit in *Nixon*. He meets a 19-year-old antiwar protestor at the Lincoln Memorial and has an epiphany, accepting the truth of the gospel according to Saint Oliver. “She understood something it took me 25 f---ing years in politics to understand. The CIA, the Mafia, the Wall Street bastards . . . the Beast. She understands the nature of the Beast.” So he begins to cross his bosses, initiates peace with China and détente with the Soviets, and flirts with leftist solutions to our social ills. And for that they destroyed him.

Here Stone shows the influence of the conspiracists who seem to have most fully shaped his views: Carl Oglesby, Peter Dale Scott, who came to see that Nixon was not even the prime instigator of Watergate but rather its final victim. The same forces that killed Kennedy manipulated him throughout Watergate, and then destroyed him, or tried to, not bargaining on his unconquerable resiliency. I suppose we should be grateful that Stone stopped short of elucidating the conspiracy theories that argue that Watergate was a setup, not at all what it seems to be. Nonetheless, the shadow of their influence is there to see. That apparently is what Stone had in mind when he has Nixon say, “We can’t let this thing go any farther,” in the missing portion of the tape. At the end of his Presidency, Nixon wasn’t fighting only for himself, he was fighting the Beast, for America, just as Oliver Stone is doing.

There is a Greek fable of a compulsive liar. With every lie, a frog leaped from his mouth, and no sooner was one slippery, hopping, elusive frog retrieved than ten others leaped out into the world. Every time I see an Oliver Stone historical fiction, that fable comes to mind. □

The Mud Turtle’s Progress

FLORENCE KING

THE parable of the mud turtle comes at the end of this hagiographic book, but it so perfectly illustrates the feminist blind spot of both biographer and subject that I shall start with it.

Here is how Gloria Steinem claims she learned to respect the right to self-determination:

During a science field trip in college, she found a turtle beside a road. Afraid that it would get run over, she picked it up and carried it back into the woods where it would be safe—only to be told by her professor that it had probably taken the turtle weeks to reach the muddy shoulder where she wanted to lay her eggs, but now, thanks to Miss Steinem’s help, she would have to start all over again.

Miss King is the author of The Florence King Reader and other books.

“It was a lesson Steinem never forgot,” writes Carolyn G. Heilbrun.

Really? Coulda fooled me. Miss Steinem has made a career of meddling in women’s egg-laying habits and taking them where she thinks they ought to be. Now, in what is tactfully known as post-feminism, they are faced with the task of starting all over again.

Writing a biography of a still-living subject whose friends, enemies, and lovers are still alive is a delicate opera-

The Education of a Woman: The Life of Gloria Steinem, by Carolyn G. Heilbrun (Dial, 451 pp., \$24.95)

tion, but Carolyn G. Heilbrun is eminently qualified to jump in with both feet. The author of *Writing a Woman’s Life*, she is widely regarded as the leading expert on female biography. She is

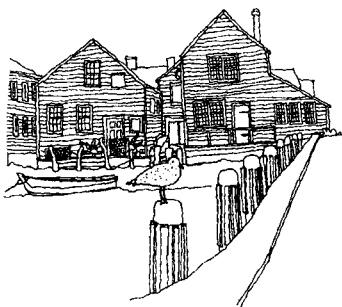
also a salted-in-the-shell feminist who used to teach at Columbia until the “boys’ treehouse gang,” as she calls male English professors, drove her away. “Women who speak out,” she reminds us, “usually end up punished or dead.” Note that “usually.” Both Miss Heilbrun and Miss Steinem have flourished like the green bay tree.

Gloria Steinem was born in 1934 into a solid middle-class Toledo family, but her father’s wild financial schemes and her mother’s nervous breakdowns landed them in not-so-genteel poverty. After her parents divorced, she lived with her increasingly delusional mother in a ratty apartment and attended a working-class high school, earning extra money tap dancing at the Lion’s Club. These gritty experiences shaped her politics. Years later, watching Chicago police beat up protestors at the 1968 Democratic Convention, she said, “Those cops are the boys I went to high school with.”

Life improved in 1951 when her older sister institutionalized their mother and took Miss Steinem to live with her in Washington, where she entered the city’s elite public school, Western

But she was never frivolous for long. Given some stock in *New York* magazine, she used it as collateral to bail women out of prison to get abortions when the prison hospital refused to perform them. Even more earnestly, she told a new bride: "You married that

Miss Steinem takes up feminism: "Like Paul after his vision on the road



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to Damascus, but like him in no other way, she decided to go forth and speak, to spread the message."

Miss Steinem today: "She has, furthermore, shocked many people in

frankly stating that her sexual drive has diminished."

What is so shocking about a woman of 61 saying that? It's the only sensible thing she's ever said. □

Up from Capitalism

BEN C. TOLEDANO

I AM ONE of those people who cleans his house only when friends are coming over. That's the same fix conservatives are in today, except for one important difference. It has been so many years since they've had company that they don't know how their house should look. In more eloquent terms, A. J. Bacevich writes that "the omnium-gatherum of values currently passing for 'conservative' is laced with inconsistencies and contradictions—contradictions most evident to the observer perched on the seam where tradition meets modernity, or where culture collides with grand prescriptions for economic growth and the transforming potential of new technologies." To illustrate simply, a Republican state senator in Georgia had this to say about the recent election of Floyd Adams Jr. as Savannah's first black mayor: "If Floyd immediately reaches out and shows he's *pro-business*, then there will be a big sigh of relief."

Yet, some Southerners, though in smaller numbers than in the past, understand the basic problem, for as Eugene Genovese has written, "Southern Conservatism has always traced the evils of the modern world to the ascendancy of the profit motive and material acquisitiveness . . . [and] to an idolatrous cult of economic growth and scientific and technological progress." He further states that we cannot expect "to live as civilized human beings in a society that makes the market the arbiter of our moral, spiritual, and political life." Yet that is what we have been attempting to do. Now, for the first time in many decades, we seem willing to come to terms with these debilitating contradictions, to consider at least the possibility of changing course, of accommodating the secular and the temporal to the spiritual and the eternal. We are beginning to

acknowledge that the brotherhood of man is no more than a meaningless, secular cult of right-mindedness in the absence of the fatherhood of God.

Sixty years ago, Cleanth Brooks declared that even the Christian Right did not understand "the hiatus existing between the dominant interests of modern America and specifically religious interests"—that is, "discrepancies between a Christian civilization and . . . enlightened American capitalism." In my opinion, such is still the case. It must be noted that Brooks "roughly defined" religion as "that system of basic values which underlies a civilization," values that are affirmed as eternal.

Richard M. Weaver, a Southerner born and raised on the soils of North Carolina and Kentucky, received his AB degree from the University of Kentucky (1932), his MA from Vanderbilt (1934), where he studied under John Crowe Ransom; and his PhD from LSU (1943), where he worked closely with Cleanth Brooks. Almost fifty years ago, his first book, *Ideas Have Consequences* (1948), described by Weaver as "a rigorous cause-and-effect analysis of the decline of belief in standards and values," was published by the University of

Richard M. Weaver, 1910–1963: A Life of the Mind, by Fred Douglas Young (Missouri, 240 pp., \$39.95)

The Vision of Richard Weaver, edited by Joseph Scotchie (Transaction, 239 pp., \$39.95)

Chicago, where he taught from 1944 until his untimely death in 1963. He was a regular contributor to *NR* from its founding onward.

Only three of Weaver's books appeared during his short lifetime. The other two were the *The Ethics of Rhetoric* (1953) and *Composition: A Course in Reading and Writing* (1957). Following

his death, several more volumes of his writings were published: *Visions of Order*, *The Cultural Crisis of Our Time*, *Life without Prejudice and Other Essays*, *The Southern Tradition at Bay: A History of Postbellum Thought*, *Language Is Sermonic: Richard M. Weaver on the Nature of Rhetoric*, and *The Southern Essays of Richard M. Weaver*.

Recently, interest in Weaver's work has increased, as witnessed by Fred Douglas Young's intellectual biography, an in-depth study of Weaver's books, and by a collection of previously published essays about Weaver's writings, edited by Joseph Scotchie. Other works in progress are a biography of Weaver by Professor Ted J. Smith III and a comprehensive collection of Weaver's essays edited by Smith to be published by the Liberty Fund Press. Apparently the time has come for an overdue appreciation of an important American thinker. Yet the timing may be right, because from Weaver we can learn how and why our culture and its moral and ethical principles deteriorated and decayed. He explains not only how we came to be "moral idiots" and "ethical cunuchs," but also what we can possibly do to improve the situation.

There is a central overriding theme to be found in all of Weaver's writings, his belief that the worship of science, equality, materialism, and self has caused "the loss of those things which are essential to the life of civility and culture." It is the "denial of standards, and ultimately of knowledge, which lies at the source of our degradation . . . we have allowed ourselves to be blinded by the insolence of material success." We have forgotten that "life means discipline and sacrifice," and are overcome by "the animal desire to consume." To bring harmony back into the world, "we shall have to regard with the spirit of piety three things: nature, our neighbors—by which I mean all other people—and the past."

Weaver's nonorthodox defense of orthodoxy is not dependent upon the teachings of organized religion; it has to do with the uniqueness of man and with man's ability to work toward the realization of his divinely created humanity. His was a noncreedal faith, an ethical vision of life's verities, virtues, and truths. A close friend described him as "religious in his devotion to high principles and to spiritual values as opposed to materialism." Weaver is, according to Russell Kirk's definition, a moral and cultural conservative, one who is the

Mr. Toledano is a lawyer in Gulfport, Mississippi.

guardian of the rules of human conduct and the measures of public virtue, one who respects "a sound conformity to abiding principles and to enduring moral truths."

Since our present society is dominated by materialism, authority attaches to those who possess financial wealth and therefore believe that they are to be taken seriously on all subjects. Weaver argues that we have fallen victims to "the vulgar pomp and pageantry of ignorant millionaires." The concept of any rational hierarchy has given way to the enthronement of economic man. Money and demagoguery, not wisdom, qualify a man for leadership. Refinement, gentility, integrity, and generosity, all qualities that give ethical vision to life, have been replaced by a "rampant philistinism, abetted by technology, large-scale organization, and a complacent acceptance of success."

Because Weaver believed in God, in free will, in original sin, in the soul of man, and in man's imperfectibility, his writings can only be understood within that context. That is a difficult pill for many to swallow today. Weaver's conservatism, if you will, has nothing in common with what Eugene Genovese calls "market-oriented bourgeois ideologies," as he is a sharp critic of finance capitalism and of its destruction of traditional society and culture. Yet, he joined efforts with conservatives because he believed "they are the defenders of freedom today . . . [and hold] that man in this world cannot make his will his law without any regard to the limits and to the fixed nature of things."

During the Cold War we fell into the bad habit of looking upon the economic system of capitalism as the virtuous counterpart of the social, political, cultural, and economic system of Communism. We are now faced with the results of that confusion. If capitalism has to do with more than our society's economic structure, and has intended social, political, and cultural goals, we need to be told in no uncertain terms what those goals are. The same type of confusion exists between the terms capitalism and conservatism. They are not synonymous in any sense; they have nothing in common and are thus unrelated. Yet, we are constantly confronted with the sentiment: "I am a capitalist; therefore I am a conservative." Wrong. There is nothing "conservative" about capitalism in any sense, spiritually, culturally, or economically—as Time War-

ner's investment in "gangsta rap" illustrates. We need to define our beliefs clearly through clearly defined words. Weaver called it Rhetoric ("eloquent wisdom"), but we have also corrupted that term.

As was his teacher and friend, Cleanth Brooks, Weaver was concerned that even "the advocates of spiritual revival exhibit a weakness typical of liberalism in their unwillingness to recognize . . . that moral purpose is deflected by proximity of great material means as rays of

light are bent by matter." Man's higher self can prevail only if he is prepared to see "that the fetish of material prosperity will have to be pushed aside in favor of some sterner ideal." We cannot improve upon the question as posed by Brooks in 1936: "If the Christian values [not theology] are *true*, if they are worth adhering to, shall they determine the civilization; or shall the economic order into which we drift determine our values by allowing to us whatever values such an economic order will permit?" □

Utopia Limited

EUGENE D. GENOVESE

ALTHOUGH Frank Manuel stands out as the American Left's most erudite historian, he has made little impact on the left-wing historians who now control his profession. They choose to ignore him, for he has never pandered to fads or prostituted his work to partisan ends.

The contributions to scholarship in *A*

Requiem for Karl Marx are large but largely hidden. Manuel has always dem-

A Requiem for Karl Marx, by Frank E. Manuel (Harvard, 255 pp., \$24.95)

onstrated a mastery of secondary sources, but he has written his books

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out of the primary sources, which he impressively commands. Thus he here provides a searing, genuinely fresh biographical sketch of Marx, the man, the theorist, and the political activist.

Manuel moves from Marx to Marxism to the fruits of the movement he fathered. Marx suffered terrible pain from assorted ailments that frequently laid him low, and he and his family lived much of their lives as exiles close to poverty. Suffering may ennoble some saintly souls, but it tends to embitter and distort ordinary mortals. Manuel keeps clear of the mean-spirited jibes that some critics descend to. Instead, he weaves a story of personal suffering into a plausible explanation for the crude and even cruel behavior that Marx exhibited not only toward a vast array of enemies, real and imagined, but toward loyal friends who were rarely loyal enough to suit him. Yet, as Manuel forcefully argues, there were other sources of Marx's demons.

Marx was a man of strong hatreds and loves—mostly hatreds—which deeply conditioned his thought. The appallingly unattractive Marx who emerges from this book was consumed with a self-hatred that constantly threatened to pass into a Manichaeism that, at his best, he manfully resisted, but often unsuccessfully. Manuel, finding the source of that self-hatred in Marx's inability to reconcile himself to his Jewish origins, makes a case, but he thereby muddies the waters. For Manuel demonstrates, with impressive argumentation, Marx's responsibility for much of the criminality that subsequently occurred in his name. In doing so, Manuel exposes self-hatred and projected hatreds as at the root of much of modern radicalism, Marxist and other. Hence, Manuel sheds light on the making of Marx the man and the icon of the movement that would march under his name, but he sheds less light than he might have on the roots of the hatreds that propelled a world-shaking political movement.

Marx knew a great deal about Christianity as well as Jewish thought and history. "The movement to redeem mankind," Manuel writes, "needed a scientific equivalent of the Bible . . . and

[Marx] would act as a propagator of the new dispensation." The tone in which Manuel casts that accurate remark prefigures his subsequent caustic treatment of the Marxist intellectual movement. Indeed, by the time Manuel gets finished with Marx's thought there is almost nothing left besides the banderole, "From each according to his abilities, to each according to his needs." At that, Manuel shows that Marx and Engels popularized a concept drawn from the despised utopian socialists. Yet Manuel speaks of Marx's genius and properly notes that many of his ideas have oriented the thought even of his most determined opponents. He nonetheless sells Marx short here and might have usefully examined Marx's influence on such conservatives as, say, Pareto, Michels, Weber, Schumpeter, and Burnham.

There is more of value in Marx's interpretation of history and capitalist development than even the fair-minded Manuel acknowledges. He dismisses Marx's political economy out of hand and then makes a strained effort to salvage something: "There is a flagrant contradiction between the 'rights of man' ideology and the actuality of bourgeois exploitation, a deception Marx skillfully unmasked." Since Manuel dismisses the theory of surplus value, which constitutes the heart of Marx's theory of exploitation, we may be left to question the nature of the alleged contribution. Manuel might profitably ponder Schumpeter's underappreciated reworking of the theory of capitalist development to expose its relation to the moral and social decay of the modern world, which led Schumpeter back to *Rerum Novarum*.

Manuel confronts Marx's responsibility for the outcome of his ideas. Eschewing pseudo-solutions to moral dilemmas, he refuses to let Marx off the hook with the usual dishonest distinction between the saint and the sinners who have wrought havoc in his name:

For the sufferings of Karl Marx the exile, we can feel compassion; for his elaborate theoretical system, benign doubt and perhaps selective approval; for the abominable practices instituted in his name, loathing. A requiem for Marx cannot ignore the iniquities of his offspring—prophets and messiahs must share the blame for the excesses of followers—but the banner he

unfurled need not be interred with his bones. Even a skeptical utopian like myself can still believe in the worth of the guiding principle: from each according to his abilities, to each according to his needs.

Manuel acutely delineates the utopianism in Marx's anti-utopianism, which celebrated "science" while sliding into scientism. He exposes the absurdities of recent Marxist deep thinkers and the pretensions of "scientific socialism," but he betrays an admiration for its very utopianism. Marx waxed enthusiastic over capitalism's destruction of what he called "the old crap" and what is today called "traditional values," hailing the capitalists as history's most revolutionary class. For Marx, socialism would be what capitalism was in its great days—a self-revolutionizing force that would dissolve long-standing mores and hal-lowed institutions and thereby liberate humanity to realize its full potential. And that is the vision Manuel clings to. A problem arises here for those who also wish to see human creativity given a wide swath but only so far as it is disciplined by firm social constraints. Strikingly, Manuel much prefers Fourier's invitation to self-expression and sexual liberation to Marx's stodgy, repressive, "bourgeois" Victorianism.

Manuel, a self-described "skeptical utopian" with a lifelong fascination with the possibilities for a better and radically different world, gently and fairly demonstrates that, unlike most contemporary utopians, he is not a fool. He makes his case for the necessity of a measure of utopianism—of hope—in human affairs but warns of its destructive potential. Manuel appreciates the element of utopianism in Christianity and traces its impact even on professed atheists like Marx. Yet he makes little effort to differentiate the heretical politicization of eschatology from the social teachings of the Church, as manifested most recently in Pope John Paul II's *Crossing the Threshold of Hope* and his powerful encyclicals.

Manuel's critique of Marx may be read as a critique of the ugly side of a utopian tradition to which he himself continues to subscribe, albeit cautiously and with some suggestion of disillusionment. For Manuel holds fast to the radical Enlightenment's celebration of human nature and, with only hints of nervousness, applauds Marx's glorification of Prometheus's defiance of the gods and the project of storming the



STUART LEECH

Mr. Genovese is a professor of history at Emory University and the author most recently of *The Southern Front*.

heavens to make man the only god who counts. Manuel, like Marx himself, does not deceive himself about humanity's capacity to commit enormities, but he cannot bring himself to accept the Christian doctrines of original sin and

human depravity. That continues to be Frank Manuel's dilemma. And it continues to be the dilemma not only of the most admirable of left-wing radicals but also of others who hold fast to the remains of a spent liberalism. □

FILM

Catching Up, Part II

JOHN SIMON

THOUGH *Sense and Sensibility* is not Jane Austen's best work, the screenplay that Emma Thompson drew from it, and the film that Ang Lee directed, capture the essence of the novel. There may be fewer earthy details here than in the recent *Persuasion*, but neither are there any obvious anachronisms. The broadening of certain effects is, like the foreshortening necessitated by the film format, unavoidable. The film is one of the prettiest in a long time, thanks to the exquisite production design of Luciana Arrighi, nicely judged costuming of Jenny Beavan and John Bright, authentic period movement by Jane Gibson, and rapturous cinematography by Michael Coulter. The film truly looks right.

It also plays right. The Dashwood sisters may be more mature than stipulated, but "sense" is staunchly embodied by Miss Thompson's Elinor, and "sensitivity" is impassionedly conveyed by Kate Winslet's Marianne. The very shapes of the actresses' faces and figures—Miss Thompson's ovals and elongations, Miss Winslet's fiercely compact rotundities—work as objective correlatives. Emilie François is enchantingly saucy as little Margaret, and Imogen Stubbs a wonderfully sanctimonious Lucy. Harriet Walter pulls out a few too many stops as the mean Fanny, but it pays off in her hilarious fight scene with Lucy.

The men are mostly fine, too. Alan Rickman, better suited to heavies, nevertheless awkwardly grows on you as a repressed Colonel Brandon. Greg Wise is all dashing recklessness as Willoughby, and Hugh Laurie a splendidly wry Mr. Palmer. Only Hugh Grant is much too adorably bumbling as Edward Fer-

rars; perhaps his offscreen misadventure may have added to his apologetic stance. He urgently needs to chasten his onscreen persona, and stop hunching his shoulders like a dromedary.

The riskiest move may have been picking Ang Lee, the young Taiwanese director of *The Wedding Banquet*, to shepherd so Occidental a venture, but East and West meet as never the twain have before. Add to this felicitous indoor and outdoor locations, and sparse but telling music by Patrick Doyle, and you have all the needed ingredients. Walter Allen has said of Jane Austen that "the main emphasis in her work is on manners, which she sees as morals in microcosm." This is an impeccably mannerly transposition to the cinematic medium.

And there is the amazing acting by our scenarist. Miss Thompson has been remarkable in most of her many films, but—improbably—she keeps getting better yet. Just when you think she has reached her acme, she goes ahead and tops herself. The scene at the end when Elinor, who believes she has lost Edward forever, finds him come back to woo her is simply unsurpassable. It requires the actress to sob and exult simultaneously—to release antithetical emotions in one long, liberating outburst, and what Miss Thompson does with it makes histrionic history. The distinguished scholar W. P. Ker once observed, "There is no name for the dominant quality in Miss Austen's work, except perhaps intelligence." This applies equally to Emma Thompson.

■ There was no compelling need to remake *Sabrina*, the 1954 Billy Wilder movie with Audrey Hepburn. I am far from a *Sabrina* or Hepburn fanatic, but I do believe in leaving well enough

Mr. Simon is NR's film critic.

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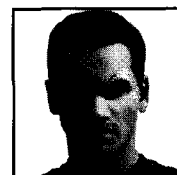
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alone, and this was a powerful case of well enough. The new screenplay by Barbara Benedek and David Rayfiel adds a few up-to-date touches to the Wilder/Samuel Taylor/Ernest Lehman version: mostly, we get color, Paris, and a lot of fashion-photography sequences. But all this is only window dressing, amiably directed by Sydney Pollack, and with songs by John Williams and Alan and Marilyn Bergman inferior to Frederick Hollander's score for the original.

Harrison Ford may be an improvement over Humphrey Bogart in an unsuitable role, and John Wood, as Sabrina's chauffeur father, is easily the equal of John Williams (the other one). But Greg Kinnear is a sorry substitute for William Holden, and Julia Ormond is a mediocre actress with a run-of-the-mill face who bamboozled Hollywood with her British accent. She is better than in her previous films, but that isn't much, and a whole lot less than Audrey Hepburn. The film does, however, have one strong suit in the dazzling cinematography of Giuseppe Rotunno, absent from our screens for far too long.

■ It is proof—if such were needed—of the sad state of film reviewing that a pretentious piece of junk such as *Wild Bill* can be hailed with (un)critical hosannas. Walter Hill is a sometimes effective action director, but he usually strives for something beyond—symbolic, philosophical—that does him in. Wild Bill Hickok's story is told here with all sorts of artsy-fartsy flashbacks, loopy camera angles, switches from color to monochrome, disorienting fragmentation, cryptic ellipses, revisionist plot twists, and similar hocus-pocus. Jeff Bridges is a strong enough actor to keep his chin above these muddy waters; everyone else goes under, even the ever-delightful Diane Lane. And then there is Ellen Barkin, whose Calamity Jane is worse than calamitous—catastrophic.

■ Even more portentously imbecile is *The Crossing Guard*, illiterately written and inanely directed by Sean Penn, a first-rate actor but lousy writer-director. Seldom has trash been this portentous and ponderous (the picture deserves the PP award), and the 15 minutes cut from it since its original release make it even more opaque. Jack Nicholson acts his valiant heart out, and David Morse gives a nicely restrained performance, but all is wasted on this existentially

posturing piece of stultifying shallowness.

■ Yet another asinine film is *Things to Do in Denver When You're Dead*, directed by Gary Fleder from an insufferably cutesy script by Scott Rosenberg. The movie will be remembered as the first in which coprophagy plays a part, as practiced (though not on screen) by Treat Williams, who deserves better. Christopher Walken plays a sinister gang boss whose body and limbs are dead, and only his head on a breathing tube is still viciously alive. If Walken won't stop playing these wacko roles, his genuine talent will have to go on the tube or, worse, down the tubes. The delicious Gabrielle Anwar is manhandled by script, direction, and camera.

■ It is regrettable that Christopher Hampton's moderately interesting play *Total Eclipse* should have been totaled by the vastly overrated director Agnieszka Holland. It would have helped not to cast the insipidly self-indulgent Leonardo DiCaprio as Rimbaud and the abysmal David Thewlis as Verlaine. Romane Bohringer is touching as Verlaine's abused wife, and Hampton himself does well in the small part of a sardonic judge. There is interesting location photography and an enterprising though overinsistent score. But the film is all false notes, rather like DiCaprio's pronunciation of Verlaine as Vurr-layne.

■ To move *Richard III* into the 1930s, and turn it into the Hitler story situated in some Nazified England, must have struck Ian McKellen as a supersmart idea. On the stage, it almost worked; on the screen, it starts out catchily enough, but after a while invention flags, and, especially in the battle and single-combat scenes, the dissociation of sensibility

becomes too great. McKellen is as remarkable as a loathsome Richard as Olivier was as a charming one, and there is solid supporting work from John Wood (Edward IV), Kristin Scott Thomas (Lady Anne), and Nigel Hawthorne (Clarence). But the worthy Jim Broadbent is totally miscast as Buckingham (his best lines, moreover, cut), Annette Bening is not up to Queen Elizabeth, and Robert Downey Jr. is ludicrous as Rivers. Beefing up the part of Tyrell was a strategic error—he now duplicates, and thus detracts from, Richard—but Adrian Dunbar isn't bad in his anachronistic way. There is striking poster-art cinematography by Peter Biziou, and Richard Loncraine's direction has its moments.

■ *Georgia* is a monstrosity. It seems that Barbara Turner has two daughters: the successful actress Jennifer Jason Leigh, and her sister who is apparently emulous, envious, and ungifted. So she has written a movie in which Jennifer, fictionalized into Georgia, a beloved pop singer with a happy family, is played by Mare Winningham. The other sister, here named Sadie, is played by Miss Leigh as an absolute horror, almost more obnoxious in her quietly wheedling moments than in her arrogantly presumptuous ones. Sadie takes drugs, makes life precarious for everyone around her, and, trying to imitate her sister, ends up rejected and painfully ridiculous. And more destructive than ever.

There is something odious about this kind of wretched cottage industry on full self-display. Miss Winningham acts and sings very well; Miss Leigh (as in several recent performances) conveys open sores not through makeup, but with actual open sores. Her acting merits three straitjackets. □

SOUND ON DISC

Not-So-Plain-Chant

RALPH DE TOLEDANO

NOTE that the plainchant, which St. Gregory raised up into the church music that bears his name, grew from the liturgy of the synagogue—and if one listens carefully to

the ritual the Jews took with them from Iberia, the echoes can be heard. By the late sixteenth and very early seventeenth centuries, these roots had given flower to the greatest of all liturgical music, the

Masses and motets of a Spanish *frailé*, Tomás Luis de Victoria. From there, the secularization of music which began with the literary and musical cult of courtly love produced a cornucopia that overflowed into later centuries.

In the thirteenth century Alfonso the Wise brought together the greatest in Christian, Mozarabic, Jewish, and Arab culture and art—and this is evident in the structure and cadence of the Marian celebratory anthology he compiled. These Marian songs are not in Alfonso's Castilian tongue, but in the Galician, which is more closely allied to Latin. These songs, *Las Cantigas de Santa Maria*, of simple purity and complex beauty, have been issued by Lyrichord, a recording company to which those of us who draw sustenance from earlier musical sources owe much. To my knowledge, there has been one other recording in America of the *Cantigas*—but these, sung by that remarkable countertenor Russell Oberlin, with lute accompaniment of Joseph Iadone, surpass them. The universality of music in the Middle Ages can also be discovered in two other Lyrichord issues—*English Medieval Songs* of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries and *English Polyphony* of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. In these Russell Oberlin also sings, in that almost vibrato-less mode which was the voice of medieval music. These are records to treasure.

■ Monteverdi's secular masterpiece, the five-act opera *L'Orfeo*, also issued by Lyrichord in the first American recording and performed on period instruments, is as faithful to the original as any of us can judge, and Jeffrey Thomas's *Orfeo*, as well as the direction of Gwendolyn Toth, is a welcome confirmation of the Italian master's genius.

■ Leaping ahead in time, I commend to you a new recording on EMI's Virgin Veritas label of Mozart's Great Mass in C Minor, a work manhandled by musicologists as they seek to understand why this or that passage of the Mass was forgotten by Mozart in what is but does not sound like an unfinished work. That this is so should not compromise your

appreciation. For me, the greatness of the Great Mass resides in the *Et incarnatus est*, an *arioso* I would put among the greatest passages of all music—and this recording, by the Kölner Kammerchor and the Collegium Cortusianum directed by Peter Neumann, rivals the best. The soprano Barbara Schlick's rendition of the *Et incarnatus est* is as pure and as touching as any I have heard. We forget this side of Mozart, as we forget others, in the glorious surge of his symphonies, concertos, and operas. But the Sony *Gran Partita*, performed by Zubin Mehta and the Berliner Philharmoniker—an arrangement of some of the themes in Mozart's *Die Entführung aus dem Serail* for wind instruments—is likewise a reminder. This is both a rousing and a captivating score—and one that may live with you more than the so-often played E Minor Symphony.

■ Haydn's life spanned three eras—the Baroque, the Classical, and the beginning of what is called the Romantic. I cite these advisedly, for they fuse as they evolve. The Haydn "revival" is opening for us an understanding not merely of his greatness but of a style that, while based on the classical, carried with it the first subjective stirrings of romanticism. And though Mozart occasionally created a superlative expression of man's transcendental longings, Haydn's Masses are a greater celebration of the glory of God. But listen to his other works—I suggest his Five Sonatas for Fortepiano, Nos. 35–39, played by Ingrid Haebler in a new recording by Philips.

These sonatas were written for the

fortepiano and it is on this instrument that they unfold. It is also on the period instruments that Haydn's symphonies best speak to us. The Paris Symphonies, Nos. 82–87, and Nos. 88–90, stand at the pinnacle of one era as it regards another. Among the best renditions are those recorded for Sony by Tafelmusik under the baton of Bruno Weil.

■ How far George Gershwin would have gone but for his early death is one of those if-Booth-had-missed questions. Certainly he had a gift of song, which many of his "serious" contemporaries lacked. The histories of popular song, the musical-comedy stage, the Hollywood musical, and jazz melodics are all inextricably tied to him. Rodgers & Hart and Harold Arlen wrote many songs that surpassed Gershwin's, but none dominated America's musical expression as he did.

If there is need for proof, it can be found in a Smithsonian recording on four CDs, *I Got Rhythm: The Music of George Gershwin*, packaged with an excellent 64-page booklet recounting his career and linking it with the greatest of America's popular singers, entertainers, and jazz musicians. Included are the original recording of the *Rhapsody*, with the Paul Whiteman orchestra and Gershwin at the piano, and other of his "symphonic jazz" works, and the songs as performed by the best of the pop singers and the finest of the jazz groups. The Smithsonian has given us, in reissue, some of the best of America's music—and *I Got Rhythm* stands among its noteworthy productions. On the day it gives us a two-CD album of the very special Lee Wiley, who brought a new and subtle dimension to jazz singing, my cup will run over. □



DELECTATIONS

Special Dietary Needs

DIGBY ANDERSON

I HAVE received an invitation to a weekend conference in Detroit. It is a two-day conference—a residential conference. Today whenever a chap is invited to a conference, meeting, training weekend, or whatever, he is asked to fill in a form. And among the

boxes for names and addresses will be one in which he is invited to declare any "Special Dietary Needs."

This box no doubt originated very properly for persons of religious faiths with dietary codes. Today vegetarians have taken it over. They think it is their

Mr. Toledano is the author of *Frontiers of Jazz and many other books.*

box. I mean secular vegetarians, health nutters who think meat is bad for them and that munching damp cardboard will make them live forever (why they should want to extend their miserable lives is beyond me); intellectual vegetarians, perverts who put sheep above the crowning pinnacle of God's creation (man) and throw the Almighty's best and tastiest gifts back in His face; fair-weather vegetarians who won't eat meat that looks like animals but don't mind if it's covered in sauce; occasional vegetarians, who happily eat chicken at home all week, then the moment someone else, in this case a hotel, serves them chicken, rediscover their vegetarianism and claim that their rights are being denied; competitive vegetarians, who stray for days eating properly, then when another vegetarian asserts his rights, don't wish to be outdone in rights assertion and noisily reconvert; infantile vegetarians, people who are no more than overgrown children with food fads who have learned to name their squeamishness an "allergy"; and political vegetarians, the feminist-lesbian-Marxist vegetarians who exemplify Anderson's Law that a person who is cranky about his grub will be cranky about everything else.

These people—the best collective word for them is "perverts"—are not motivated by religion or tradition but by perverted sentiment, perverted intellect, perverted self-regard, perverted infantilism. They should not be allowed in the box.

Better still, they should be hounded from the conference, any conference, any residential meeting or training course. Why anyone feels obliged to make "special arrangements" for this perverted minority is beyond me. They certainly never make the slightest arrangements for normal eaters when we are misguided enough to visit them. However, be realistic. The box is there to stay and the vegemaniacs are going to use it for all it is worth. So, ladies and gentlemen, traditional Americans, Englishmen, Europeans, inheritors of the great Western culinary tradition, normal eaters, persons of taste and discrimination (in every sense)—we must use it too. Up, rouse yourselves, assert your identity. Below you will find several paragraphs to cut out of your NATION-

Mr. Anderson is the editor of This Will Hurt: The Restoration of Virtue and Civic Order (National Review Books).

AL REVIEW. Every time you go to a conference with a box, stick the paragraphs onto the form:

SPECIAL DIETARY NEEDS: Please provide choice of traditional American or Spanish breakfast. Traditional American means three fresh free-range eggs, homemade white bread, proper butter, and very rare steak (well hung). The eggs to be cooked in either chicken or pork fat. Fried potatoes are also required; that is, potatoes that have been peeled and boiled on the premises, then sliced and fried. Coffee should be espresso with no water. Traditional Spanish is toasted bread with pork fat or paté or olive oil, a large brandy or anise, a cigar, and even stronger coffee.

We conservative cooks are simple folk and are quite happy with sandwiches for lunch as long as there is lots of freshly roasted meat in them and lots of butter, and the bread is white and sturdy. Or we could have some Gorgonzola and bread and a bottle of Bordeaux each. By

BOOKS IN BRIEF

The Twilight of Common Dreams: Why America Is Wracked by Culture Wars, by Todd Gitlin (Metropolitan, 294 pp., \$25)

COMPLAINTS about multicultural malaise have largely been the province of conservatives, who will derive much comfort from Todd Gitlin. The former SDS president is pointing his leftist Lugar at the politically correct squads. While he makes some unconvincing efforts to defend their deconstructionist jihad against conservative critics, Gitlin is also angry. He knows that the ethnic and gender sectarianism parading as "diversity" means that there can be no universalist Left based on the old-line pieties in which the author's own mind remains shrink-wrapped. Here "capital" is still the enemy of the poor, and a free market leads to "gangsterism, theocracy, and authoritarian crackdowns." The "so-called conservatives" have no interest in preserving the earth, and Angela Davis was an "activist." For Gitlin, militant multicultural sectarianism means that, ultimately, there is no Left left, which may be prophecy or autopsy but either way good news from a leading left-wing sociologist.

—K. L. BILLINGSLEY

the way, conservative eaters are allergic to plastic plates, forks, and glasses, and to paper napkins.

For dinner we must have, it is our right to have, it would be denying our traditions and our very cultural identity not to let us have at least six courses. Our healthy lifestyle will suffer unless at least two of these are meat and one fish. Consult Digby Anderson's column in NATIONAL REVIEW for menus. But remember, please, that it's part of our belief that animals are placed on this earth for our use and convenience and we feel this is best expressed when one of the meat courses comes from a small, sweet, furry one shot in the wild.

Please respect our sensitivities and our self-chosen separatist philosophy and seat us well away from the vegetarians. Oh, I nearly forgot. We are used to having our dogs with us while eating—they lie under the table. And neither we nor the dogs can abide compulsory, piped lower-class music. □

Gramm, by Richard Nadler (Nadler Publishing Co., 195 pp., \$10.95)

MR. NADLER'S thesis is that, from the conservative perspective, Phil Gramm has it all—a deep understanding of conservative ideas, coupled with the energy to put every one of those ideas into effect. On this showing, what a President he would make—the intellectual leader as hard-nosed and driven politico. Mr. Nadler, a Missouri-based conservative activist, certainly makes a strong case for his hero. A paradigmatic free-market man, Gramm was among the earliest to espouse—and certifiably the most outspoken in denouncing—the Carter Administration's anti-energy "solutions" to the so-called energy crisis. He has carried on consistently since then in the same vein: anti regulation, anti high taxes, pro private sector. Why haven't conservatives generally flocked to his standard? Because "thinker-doer" doesn't translate automatically into "inspirational leader"? Because the senator somehow doesn't look and talk like a President? Mr. Nadler eschews speculation, but *Gramm* could cause non-Grammites to give the guy a second look, to say: "Hey, just a minute. . ."

—WILLIAM MURCHISON

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TRANS-O-GRAM / Siegfried R. Reiner

1	S	2	F	3	B	4	G	5	E		6	K	7	<u>O</u>	8	W		9	G	10	A	11	P	12	E	13	R	14	<u>O</u>	15	X	16	D	17	Y		18	K	19	V	20	M
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41	Q		42	C	43	B		44	L	45	W	46	R	47	C		48	<u>O</u>	49	D	50	F		51	K	52	B	53	C	54	J	55	N		56	J	57	<u>O</u>	58	<u>U</u>		
59	L	60	F	61	M	62	Y	63	P	64	Q	65	C	66	K		67	J	68	W	69	S		70	B	71	J	72	R	73	Q	74	<u>O</u>		75	Q	76	F	77	A	78	R
79	V	80	S	81	J	82	B		83	F	84	M		85	E	86	A	87	B	88	F	89	R	90	W	91	<u>I</u>	92	C		93	<u>I</u>	94	N		95	B	96	Q	97	R	
	98	<u>I</u>	99	R	100	V	101	<u>O</u>	102	C	103	N		104	<u>U</u>	105	P	106	H	107	T		108	W	109	R	110	Y		111	<u>I</u>	112	<u>U</u>	113	A		114	R	115	L		
116	K	117	J	118	D	119	P	120	N	121	<u>U</u>		122	M	123	<u>U</u>	124	B	125	C	126	F	127	E	128	D	129	S		130	R	131	J	132	P	133	H		134	<u>I</u>	135	E
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175	Y		176	W	177	O	178	T	179	R	180	M	181	V		182	<u>U</u>	183	W	184	N	185	P	186	L		187	<u>I</u>	188	W	189	G	190	X								

A. Gordon Liddy
made an illegal one 10 77 29 113 86

B. Convivial chap
(2 words) 154 82 87 124 26 95 43 52 150 70 35

3

C. Miscreant,
reprobate 92 53 65 125 47 42 102 157

D. French tragedian
(*Phèdre*,
Andromaque,
Britannicus) 16 49 152 118 40 128

E. Propose,
insinuate 5 12 33 127 135 85 37

F. Lickety-split
(3 words) 2 50 60 143 126 22 83 32 149 88 76

G. Snooze
4 189 9

H. Mah-jongg
counter 24 106 133 137

I. When she left for
Paris, it was a
casus belli
(3 words) 30 162 91 170 141 111 98 158 134 93 187

J. Quirky, odd
54 56 81 71 21 67 117 131 136

K. Well off
6 36 18 66 148 116 51 168

L. Like a
neglected mutt 115 159 59 44 186

M. Bon vivant,
philosophically
speaking 61 147 140 122 20 84 180

N. Deflect (light,
for instance) 55 184 94 146 120 161 103

O. Under an
assumed name 14 160 48 57 101 7 177 74 31

P. Type of verse
written by von
Eschenbach,
Malory, Tennyson 11 105 145 63 23 132 185 165 119

Q. St. Francis's
home 64 41 75 25 73 96

R. America's custom-
house novelist
(2 words) 13 89 97 179 114 27 153 167 46 169 72
130 78 34 99 173 109 139

S. Mooches
28 155 174 80 1 69 129

T. Expense
178 156 107 142

U. Fierce French
Calvinist 164 58 172 112 182 121 123 104

V. Command
19 181 138 79 100

W. Offense for which
Paula might have
pilloried Hillary's
Bill (2 words) 166 188 39 8 90 144 68 108 183 151 45
176

X. Off track
15 163 190 171

Y. Rabble-
rousing 62 38 175 110 17

Solution to last issue's Trans-O-Gram. FREDERIC BASTIAT: *The Law*: "Every individual has the right to use force for lawful self-defense. It is for this reason that the collective force which is only the organized combination of the individual forces may lawfully be used for the same purpose; and it cannot be used legitimately for any other purpose."

ON THE RIGHT / Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

Who Is to Blame?

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 19

On the program *60 Minutes*, a half-dozen retiring legislators submitted to friendly interrogation inquiring into the reason for their decision to give it all up, go home. Most of their complaints we are familiar with. Unquestionably the most searing is the business about money: Senator Alan Simpson reported that a senator has to raise a minimum of \$10,000 every week, which is a heavy load. When you consider 10 thousand times 52 times 6 that adds up to over \$3 million—which is only one-third of what retiring Senator Paul Simon had to spend to get back into the Senate.

Is that situation inherently corrupt? Not a bad question. One senator put it this way. He gets back to his hotel at 10 P.M. after a hard day of electioneering and he has twenty telephone messages, all of them from strangers. But one name he does recognize, because that good-buddy had donated \$1,000 to the senator's campaign. The senator has the energy left, at that time of night—after such a day—to make one phone call, so whom does he call? Right. And even if it happened that the caller's message was, Please vote in favor of Measure X, and the senator goes out and votes against Measure X, it still remains that the only person who got through to him was a Measure X enthusiast, and enthusiasms have a way of communicating themselves, not least when fueled with thousand-dollar bills. Is there a way to stop all that? No, not under our system. It could be changed only by going to a parliamentary system on the British model.

But a less conventional complaint of some of the retiring gentlemen had to do with the undercelebrated art of compromise. People just don't understand, one man put it, that politics is—you guessed it, the art of compromise. The gentlemen being interviewed were too polite to say it in exactly as many words, but what they were criticizing was the Gingrich House. To use bald figures, one had the impression that if Gingrich would simply give up on tax reform, he'd get substan-

tially what he wanted in the way of tax reform.

And of course compromise is the civilized approach to most controversies, but the operative word in that sentence is "most." And the entrenched mood of the congressmen who do not wish to compromise with Mr. Clinton is reinforced by the rhetoric used by Mr. Clinton and his satellites. It could be that your call to reduce medical expenses by \$270 billion in seven years could be adulterated a little, say to \$250 billion in eight years, that kind of thing—do it, take a deep breath, and sigh resignedly over the rough nature of democratic compromise.

But to engender receptivity for the compromise mode requires rhetorical adaptation at the other end, and this President Clinton is ostentatiously declining to do. He speaks instead of Republicans wishing to cut medical services for the aged and the indigent, using words appropriate to a situation in which Congress was planning to sequester a million people every year in a huge federal compound and let them die there of starvation and exposure. Slowly.

Even the most dogged defenders of state welfarism here and there break under the strain. *The New Republic's* editorialist, remarking on the success Mr. Clinton is having with his phony scare tactics, lays the final blame on the voting public. "The only people being fundamentally irresponsible in the recent—and continuing—budget battle are the American people. They are, to borrow a phrase from our colleague Michael Kinsley, big babies. A year ago, in a realigning elec-

tion, voters ushered in a Republican Congress that had pledged, in complete candor, to balance the federal budget. In the days before that election, voters backed Republicans over Democrats by a 2.8 per cent margin. Then the Republicans made a fatal error: they tried to deliver on their promise. The result is that in the last few months, the party positions have been completely reversed. The Democrats now lead by 2.4 per cent."

But then whom do you blame for the people's immaturity? The editorialist suggests it is the people themselves who are to blame, for wanting one thing and authorizing another. "Speaker Gingrich, for all his failings, is the first American politician actually to confront the public with the reality. For that, he gets an approval rating of 27 per cent." Any effort to bail out the American people for this act of irresponsibility would have to reason to the people's ignorance for believing what their President has been telling them, six times a day, for the past six weeks. If the voters believe Clinton is correct—that passage of the Contract with America will result in agony and death for uncounted hundreds of thousands of Americans—then they are right to say no to Mr. Gingrich.

And the problem becomes: What to do about demagogues in the White House? Vote them out of office? Yes, but what will inform the voters that that is the thing to do? □

The Inside War

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 22

The sequence is roughly as follows:

1. Senator Dole makes a statement: He will not, in 1996, urge the GOP to endorse a constitutional amendment that would ban the practice of abortion.

Buzz . . . Why is Bob doing this? He needs the right wing of his party to get nominated . . . No, stupid, he is thinking about the election now. He has already *won* the nomination. He is following Nixon's rule: Woo the Right in order to be nominated, the Left in order to be elected.

2. Ralph Reed, the Executive Director of the Christian Coalition, fires immediately. "Senator Dole's remarks not only represent an uncharacteristic departure from his previous record, but a stunning reversal from the winning Reagan position that has sustained the Republican Party for 15 years and



"I finally reached my full potential, and then they raised the minimum wage."

helped make it a majority party. Not a single pro-life incumbent of either political party lost in 1994 and 1995. Senator Dole is also the only leading candidate who has declined to sign a pledge that he supports the pro-life plank in the Republican Party platform."

The sentence of the court was duly executed: "The Christian Coalition will distribute 22 million voter guides in the presidential primaries next winter and spring. Those voter guides will accurately reflect Senator Dole's and other candidates' positions on this issue." The next day, the Dole campaign "clarified" its candidate's remarks.

3. Noemie Emery ("a freelance writer living in New York") writes a lead article for *The Weekly Standard*. Early in its career, *The Standard* published an eloquent editorial affirming the pro-life position. Miss Emery says in effect, Look. Though we rightly consider the fetus a human being, it is something less than that exactly, and under the circumstances different moral perspectives are understandably brought to bear on the question, and the GOP should drop its categorical position and settle, instead, for progressive restrictions, leading in the right direction.

Irving Kristol, a few days later, in an eloquent article in the *Wall Street Journal* berating the excesses of modern secularists, then asks, What are the mistakes of the other side? There are several. "Whatever one's views on abortion, it is clear that public opinion, today and for the foreseeable future, will not accept its criminalization." He upbraids his fellow conservatives: "By permitting their passions to dominate the issue, by converting their commitment to a 'right to life' crusade rather than to policy, they have made the best the enemy of the good—a common error of zealotry in politics."

4. NATIONAL REVIEW sees in the Emery article a "part of a continuing effort to revise the Republican platform. Last year conservatives William Kristol and George Weigel suggested in NATIONAL REVIEW that pro-lifers focus on more readily achievable objectives such as parental-consent laws or bans on third-trimester abortions. Pro-lifers could debate the prudence of this position within the context of shared objectives: a reduction in the number of abortions and legal recognition of the practice's injustice."

But the editors make two points, one of them transcendent in character: "Miss Emery and Mr. Bennett would reach a different judgment on abortion, and the reason is plain to everyone but them: they evidently do not regard abortion as 'wrong' in the same sense that infanticide is wrong." And a most telling empirical

political point: If the strategic design of the pro-lifers is to win the fight with progressive tactical strikes, they are entitled to ask, "Where is a comparable modesty or prudence on the other side? Where is the willingness, on the part of Senators Kennedy and Specter, to accept restraints even on a handful of abortions, such as the grisly 'partial birth' abortions? The fact of the matter is that Noemie Emery and William Bennett have no audience on the pro-choice side. The pro-choicers will not concede even the slightest restriction on abortion, because any restriction implies its wrongness."

Kremlinologists can divert themselves by reflecting that William Kristol was a trustee of NATIONAL REVIEW until he became the (founding) editor of *The Standard*, that he is the son of Irving Kristol, that William Bennett was for several years a Senior Editor of NATIONAL REVIEW, that Bennett—and Kennedy!—are both Catholics, that George Weigel is a theologically trained Catholic, that Ralph Reed and Bob Dole are Protestants, the Kristols Jewish: and, of course, all of them Republicans. Just one more example of hegemonic conservative thought. □

Have You Ever Had Terminal Blah Time?

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 15

We confront, from our pillars of light, every problem that plagues or threatens to plague mankind, of every variety. Columnists have written on how best to avoid a war or how best to become involved in a war or how best to make a Floating Island. With less than a few keystrokes, the opinion makers can redesign the Cathedral of Chartres, advising where all the mistakes were made, and how they might be avoided. Scientific contentions having to do with the best mineral for preserving human teeth can become *causes célèbres* and contestants will stand their ground with all their weapons oiled, well poised to discredit a silly argument from the other side. But what happens when you are sick?

A bizarre question, because incapacitating illnesses don't . . . seem to happen. We are all familiar with the law that the charismatic leader must appear to be immune to the abrasions that hinder mere men and women. Sensing this, though the idea was not yet explicated, FDR took pains to disguise his infirmity. Fidel Castro, we learned soon after his ascendancy in Cuba, simply cancelled all

public engagements when feeling ill. In such a society as he rules over, it is easier to do this than it would be, say, in America, where arbitrary action is accepted only when caused by nature. You can cancel a game in the World Series because a hurricane got in the way, but not because Joe DiMaggio didn't feel well. In 1985 in Washington the weather was so cold that the whole inaugural parade was put off. That meant the President could not take his oath of office in the usual place, so he took it instead in the rotunda of the House of Representatives. And everyone knew that it was actually a reenactment, because the constitutional date for taking the office had come the day before, but they don't like doing these things on a Sunday.

But what if one were really sick? A gentleman sent down two weeks ago for execution pleaded a postponement on the grounds that he was suffering from a terrible head cold and could not take in his own execution and that surely this was one of the designs of death-sentence architects. Suppose that the Queen of England were to be crowned on Tuesday and that morning she announced to the Court that she simply was not up to it, that sitting up there on the throne for two or three hours would constitute a torture she'd find unbearable. What then?

What if she faced the same hideous plight as the columnist stricken with some combination of cold, sinus, nose-clog, throat-tightening even after two days of antibiotics, when time comes for him to produce . . . a column?

There are ways to go that dramatize your immobility. Wanda Landowska slightly messed up one fugue from a sonata and then closed her harpsichord, permanently. Toscanini reacted similarly to a lapse of memory. Franz Liszt decided he would no longer perform before large audiences and ostentatiously pulled down the piano cover after he was through. The statesman of high office is less prone to apocalyptic departures from public life, though Charles de Gaulle did that exactly.

What irks the quotidian analyst is the triviality of the challenge. I am not John McCain, whom one would have understood if he had ended any attempt at communication after five years in the Vietnamese prison camps. It is just, in the great scheme of things, one spark plug that won't ignite, not even after submitting it to the one-hundredth homeopathic distraction.

So that, burrow as you might in these lines in search of an aperçu worth pocketing, forgive me; my cupboard is bare. □

(*Universal Press Syndicate*)

THE MISANTHROPE'S CORNER

FLORENCE KING

THE death of actress Butterfly McQueen three days before Christmas hit me hard. Part of my shock was due to the way I heard about her passing. As I was watching the late news, they announced that she had been badly burned in a fire at her Georgia home and was not expected to live. Then, seconds later, they got a bulletin that she had just died.

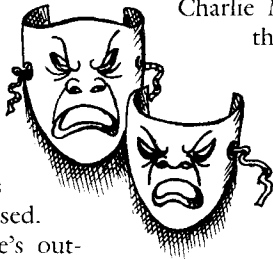
The two reports coming one on top of the other gave me a disturbing sensation of telescoped time; *is* and *was* were crowding each other. To separate them and regain a sense of cosmic order, I mentally thumbed through some *Gone with the Wind* chronology. "Olivia De Havilland is the last one left now," I mused. "Melanie died at 29 but she's outlived everybody except the young bit players . . . the little girl who played Bonnie must be about five years older than I . . . the baby Bonnie is three years younger."

My sensation of telescoped time stood revealed for what it was. My own mortality is too neatly measured by *Gone with the Wind* for comfort. The book and I both came out in 1936, so the death of anyone connected with it diminishes me. Especially Butterfly McQueen, who made a unique impression on my four-year-old mind when I saw the movie for the first time in 1940.

I'm told that I sat through all three hours and forty minutes as still as a stone, impressing several audience members who complimented my mother on her well-behaved little girl. Evidently I concentrated very hard, but I retained nothing except four discrete scenes: the silhouette of the wagon against the backdrop of flames; the horse dying in the traces; the shot of the looming fence that foreshadows the riding accident—and Prissy shrieking "I don't know nuthin' 'bout birthin' babies." The only human image that

stuck in my memory was Butterfly McQueen.

I was offered a Scarlett doll but I turned it down. I wanted a Prissy doll but they didn't make them, so I was offered a "colored" baby doll as a consolation prize. You'd never know it from Kenneth Clark's statistics but colored dolls were very popular with little white girls back then. Not, however, with this little white girl. I detested all baby dolls regardless of race, creed, or color. I wanted a Prissy doll to go with my Charlie McCarthy doll because even then I was drawn to quirkiness.



Later on, as I read and reread the novel, I paid special attention to the Prissy passages. Liberals have always held her up as a minstrel-show character inserted into the story purely for comic relief. They're usually the same liberals who make a point of boasting that they have never read, or could not finish, the book. That many of them are also English professors adds irony to ignorance, for by refusing to take Prissy seriously they miss an exquisite example of literary apposition.

The movie necessarily omitted several interesting minor characters but the most significant omission was Prissy's mother, Dilcey. Unless we know her, we cannot understand Prissy.

As the novel opens, Dilcey belongs to the Wilkes family and serves as midwife at Twelve Oaks. When she marries Pork, Gerald O'Hara's valet, Gerald buys her so that the couple can live on the same plantation. Being soft-hearted, Gerald also buys her feckless 12-year-old daughter by an earlier marriage.

Dilcey is the salt of the earth and the rock of Gibraltar rolled into one. Described as "an unsmiling bronze giantess," she is half Indian and very proud of the fact, attributing her marble stoniness to this genetic infusion. "Mist' Gerald buy my Prissy so I wouldn't grieve and I doan forgit it," she tells Scarlett. "I is part Indian and Indians

doan forgit them as is good to them. I is sorry 'bout my Prissy. She mighty wuthless. Look lak she all nigger lak her pa."

Liberals call this gratuitous racism, but in fact it replicates the good mother-bad daughter dynamic between Scarlett and the saintly Ellen O'Hara. Dilcey and Ellen are a matched pair, differing only in color, selfless paragons of virtue who never bend, never complain, and never shirk their duty. Scarlett worships her mother and longs to emulate her, but she possesses none of Ellen's honor and goodness, nor her resigned acceptance of martyrdom. Lacking self-insight, she suffers periodic guilt seizures as she wonders, "Why can't I be a great lady like Mother?" The obvious answer crops up throughout the book:

"In her face were too sharply blended the delicate features of her mother, a coast aristocrat of French descent, and the heavy ones of her florid Irish father."

"It was Gerald's headstrong and impetuous nature in her that gave them concern, and they sometimes feared they would not be able to conceal her damaging qualities until she had made a good match."

"No, I don't love you. But I do like you tremendously—for the elasticity of your conscience, for the selfishness which you seldom trouble to hide, and for the shrewd practicality in you which, I fear, you get from some not too remote Irish-peasant ancestor."

"Lordy, 'twus right funny how de older Miss Scarlett git de mo' she look lak Mist' Gerald and de less lak Miss Ellen!"

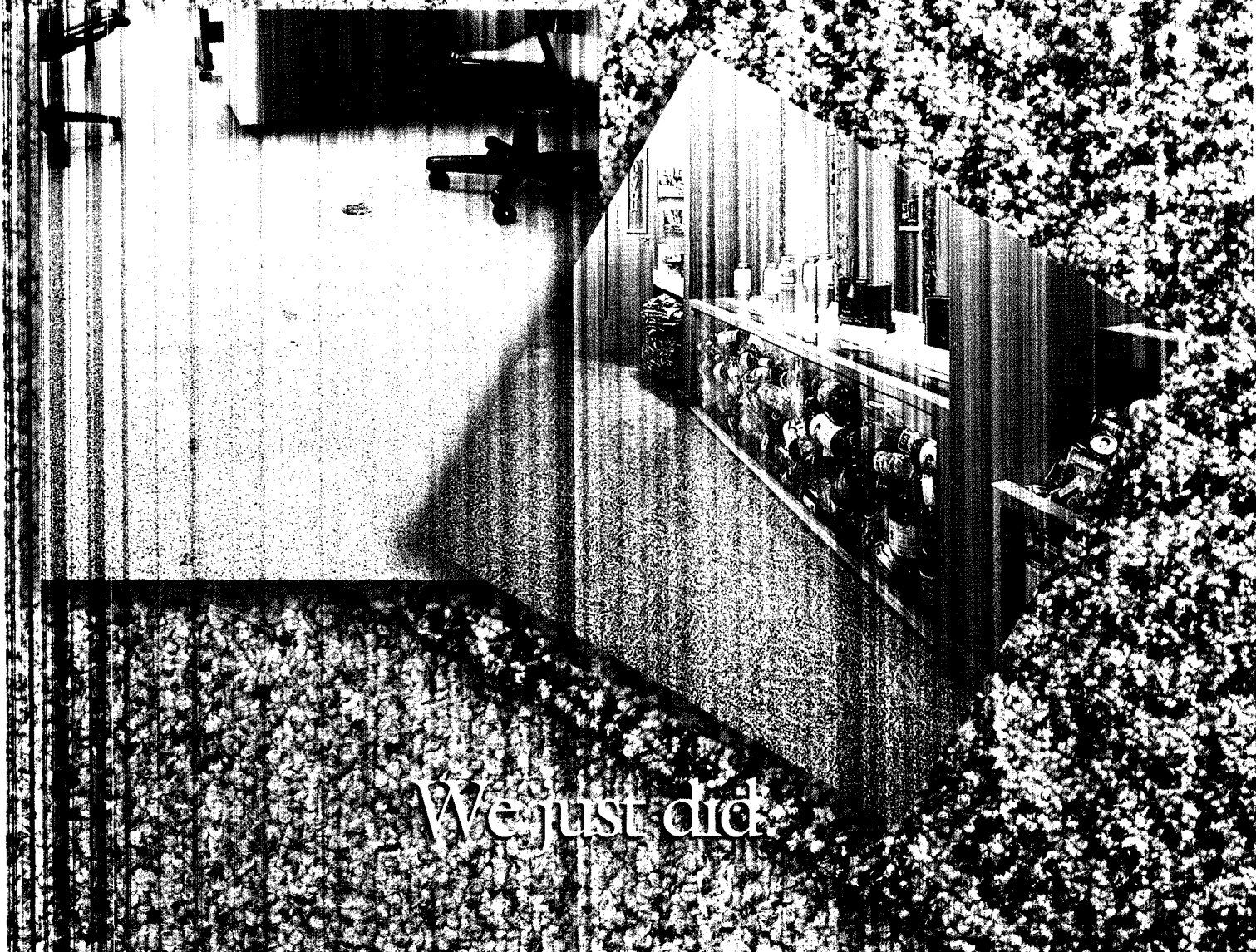
"I often wondered what she was like. You seemed to me so like your father."

LIKE Prissy, Scarlett takes after her pa. Once we understand this, the ostensibly racist "birthin' babies" debacle becomes instead a deft display of parallel characterization. Like all good writers, Margaret Mitchell does not overexplain. She doesn't tell us that Prissy feels inferior to Dilcey and wishes she were more like her, but the artistic balance in the portrait of the two perfect mothers and the two erring daughters leaves us with no other conclusion. Scarlett longs to be a great lady because Ellen was one, and Prissy lies about her knowledge of midwifery because Dilcey was a midwife.

Madge Sinclair, who died shortly before Butterfly McQueen, could have played Dilcey to a turn. Hail and farewell to them both. □

Miss King is the author of The Florence King Reader and other books.

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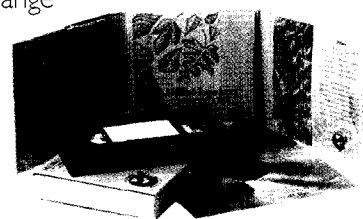


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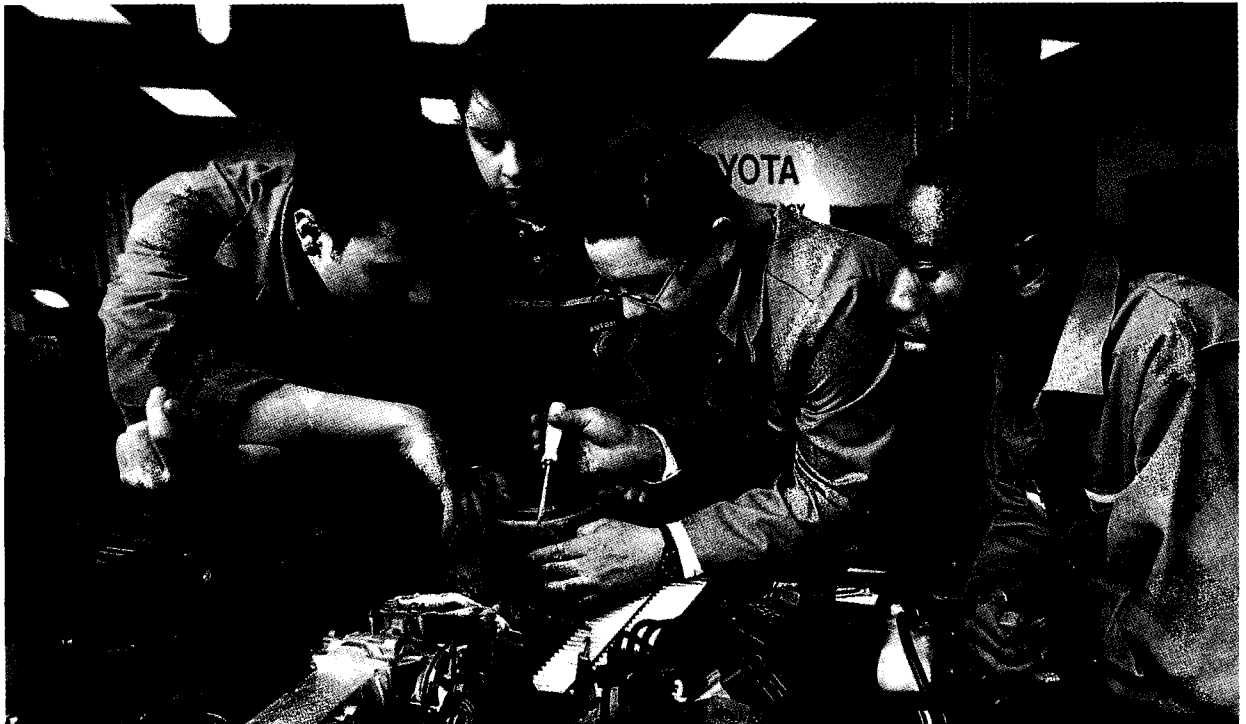


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